

The
Cardinal

THE CARDINAL



State Normal School

PLATTSBURGH, N. Y.



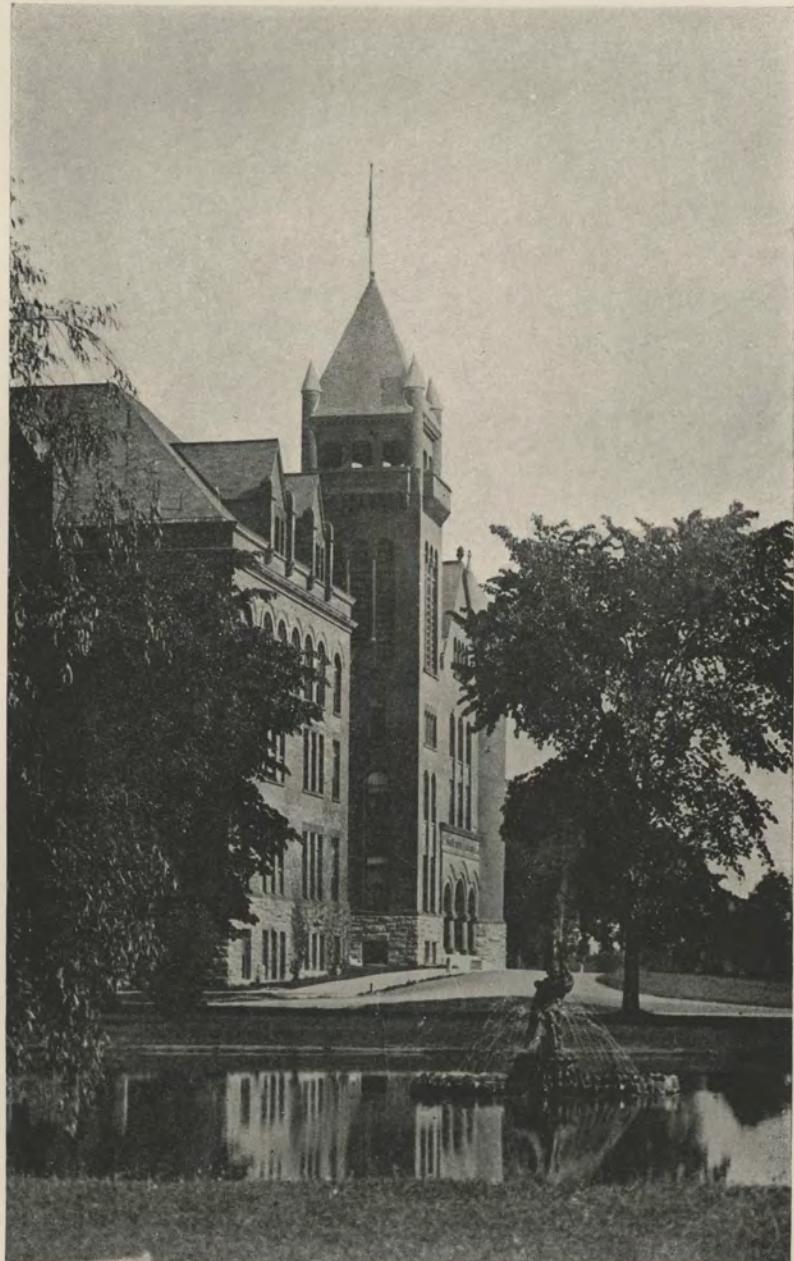
Seventh Volume



PUBLISHED BY
The Class of 1920

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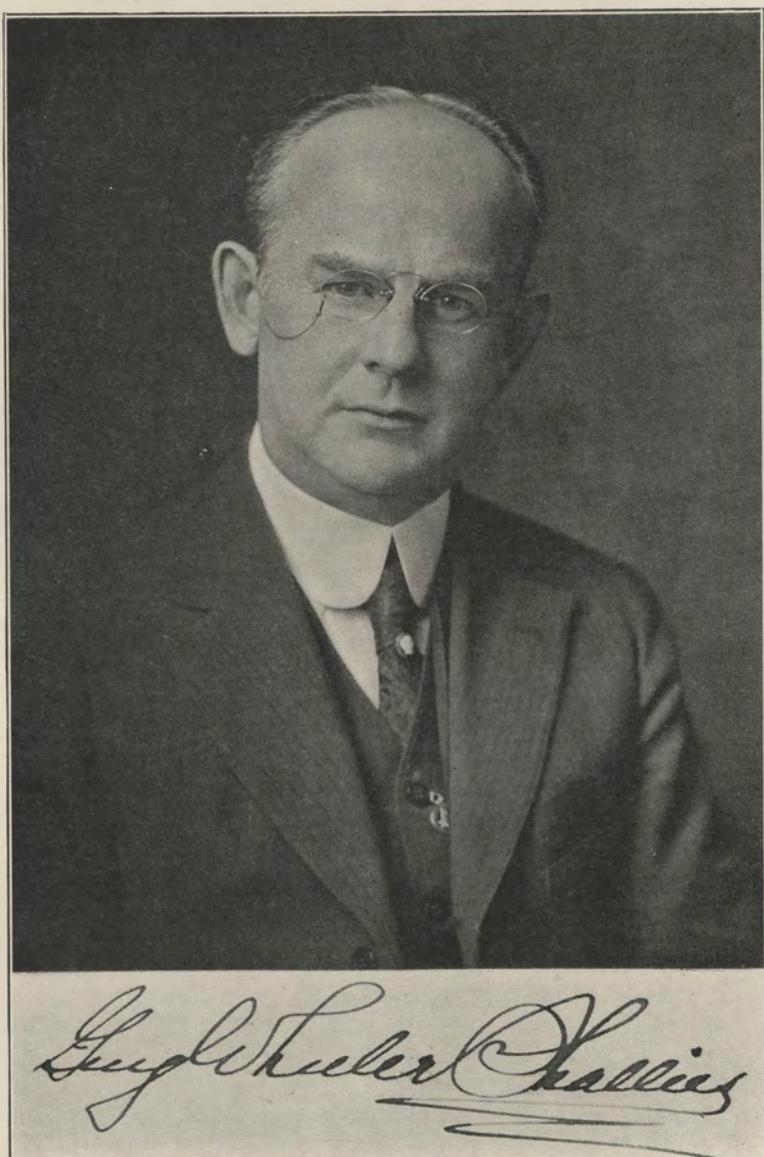
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"MORNING SUNLIGHT"

Dedication to
GUY WHEELER SHALLIES, A. M.

In appreciation of his inspiring scholarship and as an expression of our universal confidence in him, we dedicate this book to Professor Guy Wheeler Shallies, whose sincere interest in all of us has helped to make this and all other volumes of THE CARDINAL a success.



Guy Wheeler Shallies, A. M.

Professor Guy Wheeler Shallies was born at Sandusky, New York. After attending the village school he entered the High School at Arcade from which he was graduated and then entered the State Normal School at Buffalo, completing the Classical Course. The next four years were spent in The University of Chicago from which he received the A. B. degree. After spending one year in the study of English in the Graduate School of Yale University he returned to the Graduate School of the University of Chicago from which he received the A. M. degree in Education.

Professor Shallies began his teaching in a country village school. From 1897-1904 he taught English and Modern Languages in preparatory schools in Missouri and in Connecticut. In 1905 he came to the State Normal School as Head of the Department of English.

Foreword

The CARDINAL Staff of 1920 takes great pleasure in presenting this book to our institution and to its friends.

Much of the work contained in this volume we would have better. Whatever of good you find, we hope you will enjoy and whatever is imperfect we hope you will overlook.

May you read these pages with pleasure now, and in the years to come may they recall the happy days in class room and corridor.

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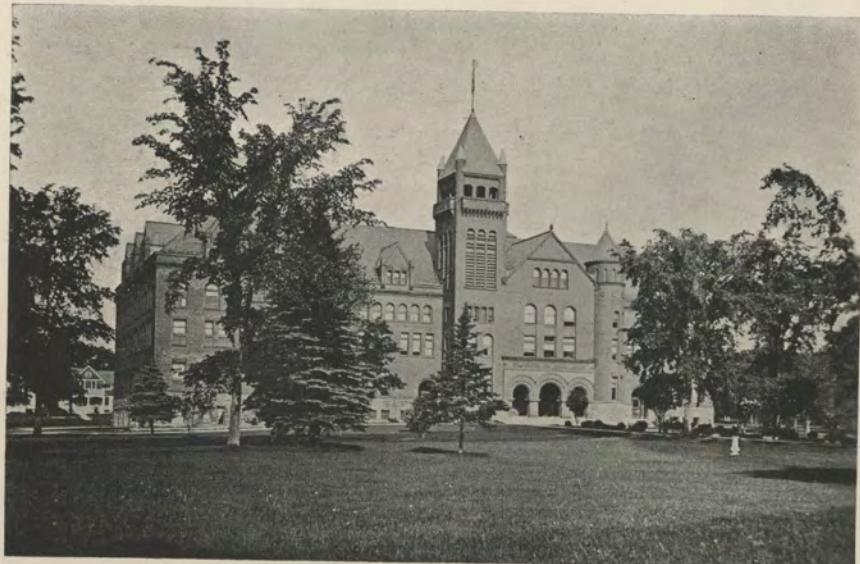
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Bachelor's
Button.



JACK
in the
Pulpit



Johnny Jump up



Sweet William.



Bouncing Bet.



Hollyhock



Marguerite



Sunflower.



wake! Robin.

THE GARDEN OF THE GODS

Friendship

"There is a mystic borderland that lies
Just past the limits of our work-day world,
And it is peopled with the friends we met
And loved a year, a month, a week or day
And parted from with aching hearts, yet knew
That through the distance we must loose the hold
Of hand with hand, and only clasp the thread
Of memory. But still so close, we feel this land
So sure we are that these same hearts are true,
That when in waking dreams there comes a call
That sets the thread of memory aglow;
We know that just by stretching out the hand
In written word of love, or book, or flower,
The waiting hand will clasp our own once more,
Across the silence, in the same old way."

Class Officers

JOHN J. WHALEN	President
HAZEL J. AYRES	Vice-President
DOROTHY M. MAYNARD	Secretary
GLADYS E. McCARTHY	Treasurer

Class Motto

THROUGH TRIALS TO TRIUMPH

Class Colors

RED, WHITE AND BLUE

Class Flower

RED ROSE

Class Yells

- | | |
|----------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1 Rah, Rah! Rah roo! | 3 Say. |
| Red, white and blue! | Say what? |
| Rah, rah! Tee, tee! | That's what. |
| Twenty! Twenty! | What's what? |
| | That's what they all say. |
| 2 Here, here! We're here! | What's that they all say? |
| Seniors! Seniors! | Seniors! Seniors! Seniors! |
| | '20! '20! 1920! |
| 4 Oskee wow wow wickti wi; | |
| '20—'20—zip-zum-zee. | |
| 5 Juniors in a kettle, | |
| Sizzling in a flame! | |
| Boiling in their trouble, | |
| Seniors know their game! | |



GIFT OF THE CLASS OF 1920 TO THE PLATTSBURGH NORMAL SCHOOL

Class Poem, 1920

Farewell, proud Normal Halls,
Bright o'er thy vine-clad walls
The day of parting dawns.
These scenes so fair of hue,
Soon must pass from view
As from thy velvet lawns
The sunlight fades.

Long shalt thou proudly stand
With look of stern command,
When we are far away.
Friends perish from our view,
Old yieldeth unto new,
Night passeth into day,
Thou shalt endure.

Within thy portals wide,
Wisdom and truth abide,
To light our future way.
Here art her charm reveals ;
Culture and high ideals
Mingle their proud array
To exalt our lives.

Without, thy lawns are fair,
With flowers here and there,
And many lofty trees ;
While in the sun's bright rays,
The fountain laughs and plays
And fills the summer breeze
With silver spray.

Now sinks the sun to rest
Into the golden west.
This glance must be our last.
Ever in memory
Cherished thy name shall be,
But time is flying fast,
So now farewell !

JOSEPHINE STEWART.



"Hazel"

HAZEL J. AYRES, Morrisonville, N. Y.

"Music is the natural and universal
language of the world."

Delta Clonian, Vice-President, Salutatorian.

"Mar' on"

MARION I. BAKER, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"It was borne upon me at an early period
that if I told no one what I intended
to do I would be enabled to do it."

Delta Clonian.

"Ben"

GLADYS M. BENEDICT, Elizabethtown, N. Y.

"May bad fortune always follow you
all your days but never catch up
with you."

AKΦ

"Gertie"

GERTRUDE E. BENEDICT, Lewis, N. Y.

"The 'luck' that I believe in, is that which
comes with work."

Delta Clonian.

“Sil”

SYLVIA BOURASSA, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

“Song brings of itself a cheerfulness that
wakes the heart to joy.”

*Delta Clonian, Assistant Business Manager of
the Cardinal, Clonian Vice-President,
Honor Student.*



“Mary”

MARY C. BOYLAN, Mineville, N. Y.

“Silence when nothing need be said, is
the eloquence of discretion.”

AKΦ



“Eunice”

EUNICE M. BRADLEY, Mooers, N. Y.

“I never with important air,
In conversation overbear.”

AKΦ



“Ade”

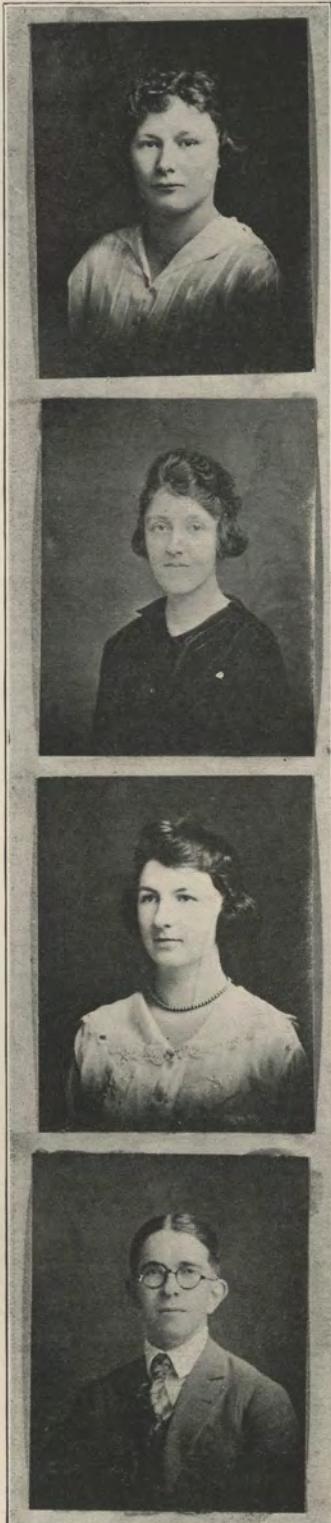
ADAH M. BROWN, Johnstown, N. Y.

“A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the best of men.”

Assistant Joke Editor of the Cardinal.

AKΦ





"Est."

ESTHER M. CARL,

Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"Of all the schoolrooms, in the east or west,
The schoolroom of nature, I love the best."

AKΦ

"Dais"

DAISY E. CISCO,

Port Jervis, N. Y.

"Too true to flatter and too kind to sneer,
And only just when seemingly severe."

*Delta Clonian, Clonian Grand Secretary, Honor
Student.*

"Tea"

KATHERINE F. COFFEY,

Peru, N. Y.

"Let observation with extension view,
Survey the world from China to Peru."

"Percy"

PERCIVAL W. M. COLBURN, Morrisonville, N. Y.

"All things I thought I knew but now
confess;
The more I know, I know, I know the
less."

Athletic Council.

“The other John”

JOHN CROWLEY, Haselton, N. Y.

“Full oft they laughed with counter-
feited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he.”

*Business Manager of the Cardinal, Class Will,
Treasurer of Athletic Council, Honor Stu-
dent.*



“Flo”

FLORA O. DAVISON, Mooers, N. Y.

“Though I am young I scorn to flit,
On the wings of borrowed wit.”

AKΦ



“Angeela, Ann”

ANGELA B. DEMPSEY, Hudson Falls, N. Y.

“How bitter are the pangs of parting!”
Delta Clonian, Athletic Council.



“Rury”

RUTH FIFIELD, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

“I speak when I have occasion, but most-
ly when I have no occasion.”





"Le-na"

LENA A. FINNESSY,

Mineville, N. Y.

"Another reason why I do not let the
grass grow under my feet is
that it's bad for the
grass."

AKΦ



"Gee"

HELEN M. GEBO,

Peru, N. Y.

"I have often heard defended,
Little said, is soonest mended."



"Pearl"

PEARL M. GILES,

Ellenburg, N. Y.

"Time has touched me gently in his race,
And left no odious furrows in my face."

AKΦ, Honor Student.



"Lucinder, Lubelle"

A. LUCILLE GILLILAND,

Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"If you would avoid trouble always look
for the funny side of the question."

*Delta Clonian, Literary Editor of the Cardinal,
Class Prophetess, Clonian History, Athletic
Council.*

“Mary”

MARY M. HARVEY, Dannemora, N. Y.

“Just being happy is a fine thing to do;
Looking on the bright side rather than
the blue.”

Delta Clonian.



“Mag”

MARGARET E. HEALEY, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

“What a woman is, depends largely on
what she does when she has
nothing to do.”

Delta Clonian, Class Oration.



“Stell”

STELLA M. HILDRETH, Morrisonville, N. Y.

“It is what we think and what we do that
makes us what we are.”

AKΦ, Honor Student.



“Nan”

NANNIE B. HOWARD, Glens Falls, N. Y.

“A good head and an industrious hand,
Are worth gold in any land.”

Delta Clonian.





"Sade"

SADIE KAUFFMAN, Norfolk, N. Y.

"The higher we rise, the grander
the view."

"Kate, Korb"

KATHRYN A. KOERBER, Lake Placid, N. Y.

"To keep our secret is wisdom but to
expect another to keep it is folly."

AKΦ

"Ole"

OLIVE L. LUNDY, Port Jervis, N. Y.

"To know what you do know and not to
know what you do not know,
is true knowledge."

AKΦ, Assistant Editor-in-Chief of the Cardinal.

"Glad"

GLADYS E. McCARTHY, Amsterdam, N. Y.

"I take life as I find it, but I don't leave
it so."

Delta Clonian, Treasurer, Valedictorian.

“Dot”

DOROTHY M. MAYNARD, Ausable Forks, N. Y.

“Never miss a joy in this world of trouble—that’s my theory.”

Delta Clonian, Secretary of the Senior Class, Class Presentation.



“Kate”

CATHERINE A. NAVIN, Mineville, N. Y.

“How cruelly sweet are the echoes that start,
When memory plays an old tune on the heart.”

AKΦ, Second Assistant Business Manager of the Cardinal, Athletic Council



“May”

G. MAE NORCROSS, Cadyville, N. Y.

“Attempt the end and never stand to doubt,
Nothing’s so hard but search will find it out.”

AKΦ



“Mil”

MILDRED A. NUTTER, Bainbridge, N. Y.

“Simplicity, not complexity, is the keynote to greatness.”

Delta Clonian.





"Eliz"

ELIZABETH O'CONNELL, Ausable Forks, N. Y.

"And since, I've never dared to write,
as funny as I can."

AKΦ



"Parksie"

ELSA E. PARKS, Glens Falls, N. Y.

"A straight line is the shortest distance
between a clear conscience and
a glad heart."

Delta Clonian.



"Hazel"

HAZEL PARMETER, Altona, N. Y.

"I never say what the truth may be,
I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

AKΦ



"Peacock"

MARY E. PARROTTE, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"School is all work—all things show it;
I thought so once and now I know it."

"Gert"

GERTRUDE H. POWERS, Cadyville, N. Y.

"Wit is the lightning of the mind; the cayenne of conversation."

AKΦ



"Anne"

ANNA M. ROWLES, Johnstown, N. Y.

"Happy am I; from care I'm free!
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

Delta Clonian, Joke Editor of the Cardinal, Athletic Council.



"San"

CATHERINE SANCOMB, Chateaugay, N. Y.

"Set yourself earnestly to see what you
were made to do and then set
yourself earnestly to do it."

AKΦ



"Scrubby"

RUTH E. SCRIBNER, Morrisonville, N. Y.

"Common sense is an uncommon degree
of what the world calls wisdom."

Delta Clonian.





"Grace"

GRACE A. SHEEHAN, Chateaugay, N. Y.

"Speaks clearly if she speaks at all,
Carves every word before she lets it fall."

AKΦ, Ivy Oration, Honor Student.



"Jule"

JULIA A. SHEEHAN, Chateaugay, N. Y.

"When the ladder of success is pointed
out to you don't waste time
looking for a moving
stairway."

AKΦ, Class History.



"Let"

LETTIE E. STAFFORD, Willsboro, N. Y.

"The secret of success is constancy of
purpose."

AKΦ, Honor Student, Agonian Grand Historian.



"Bertha Phebe"

BERTHA P. STEVENSON, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"Fair words gladden many a heart."

Delta Clonian.

"Jo"

JOSEPHINE STEWART, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."

AKΦ, Assistant Literary Editor of Cardinal, Agonian History, Class Poem.



"Kate"

KATHERINE C. THOMPSON, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"A housewife is known by the trumpery
she keeps."

Delta Clonian, Alumni Editor of Cardinal.

"Peg"

MARY E. THOMPSON, Brownville, N. Y.

"The heart that is truly happy never
grows old."

Delta Clonian, Vice-President of Athletic Association.

"Tobe"

KATHERINE E. TOBIN, Chateaugay, N. Y.

"Your natural lot is, therefore to wait
your turn and opportunity."

AKΦ



"Weiry, Ready"

CATHERINE M. WEIR, Clayburg, N. Y.

"The smallest factory sometimes has
the biggest whistle."

*Delta Clonian, Charge to the Juniors, Honor
Student.*

"Jack"

JOHN J. WHALEN, Peekskill, N. Y.

"He cast off the girls as a huntsman his
pack,
For he knew when he pleased, he could
whistle them back."

*President of the Senior Class, Editor-in-Chief of
the Cardinal, Athletic Council.*

In Memoriam

MILDRED E. SIGNOR

Delta Clonian.

A year has passed since blythely in our midst
We saw her, with a face surpassing fair,
Like spring, she seemed a child of sunny grace,
With misty eyes and softly waving hair.

But even as the hues of sunset fade
Among the evening shadows in the west,
The joyous laughter faded from her eyes
As with a smile, she entered into rest.

Tho far and wide, search for her as we will,
We nevermore may look upon her face,
Within our heart her memory lingers still
To charm us with its purity and grace.

JOSEPHINE STEWART.

Class History

BRIEF FOR PROSECUTION

It is my duty to present to the court and to urge for their consideration the charges against the class of 1920. The record of each student has been carefully investigated and as a result it has come to light that the class of 1920 has failed to meet the standard as set forth by the faculty. Therefore it is deemed advisable that judgment be rendered in accordance with the complaint.

I call attention, Your Honor, to the fact that too many have gone dance crazy. Ann Dempsey, Mary Thompson and Kate Koerber's attendance at the K of C dances has led to too many conferences during school hours between them and the Messrs. Whalen, McQuillan and Tabor.

Worse than the dances are the distracting movies. Mary Parrotte, Katherine Coffey, Marion Baker, Stella Hildreth, Ruth Fifield, Flora Davison and twin sister, Eunice Bradley are the chief victims. Do they know who Aristotle is? Of course not. But Wallace Reid, Earle Williams and Eugene O'Brien are wonderful movie actors.

Next, I must refer, Your Honor, to Joe Stewart, whom we think will make a very poor teacher considering the fact that she will want to sit down all the time; to John Crowley, that indifferent young man who is so confident of his success; to Mary Boylan, an everlasting little chatterbox; and surely you would not expose Nannie Howard and Sylvia Bourassa to the cold world until they have become a little more plump.

Along with these are Bertha Phoebe Stevenson who has to have a tete-a-tete every morning with Mr. Thompson before Accounting class; Ruth Scribner, who never studies; Catharine Sancomb, who should be a telephone girl so she could talk all the time to Chateaugay; Ann Rowles and Adah Brown, who live where Mr. Todd used to teach.

Of course my adversary will say that it is only proper that students have recreation and relaxation from their work. I agree with her. But when it comes to low marks and utter ignorance of a subject there is something wrong. However, she is so closely allied with our Triple Entente, consisting of Kate Weir, Hazel Ayers and Gladys McCarthy, that she doubtlessly will close her ears to all reason and justice and similarly endeavor to misguide others of authority.

But pray, Your Honor, look upon the terrible three: Catharine Navin, Dorothy Maynard and Grace Sheehan. It is really pitiful the way the teachers picked on them this year. Even Gertrude Powers had to agree to the faculty's proposals a great many times. Then there is Hazel Parmeter who went home every time a storm was predicted so she could miss all the next week of school. Elizabeth O'Connell and Kathryn Tobin also helped to keep the trains running this winter. Would it be possible they were looking up positions? I can hardly believe it.

Misses Finnessy, Gebo, Giles, Harvey, and Stafford, our mid-year graduates, I don't know very much about, except that they left a bad record.

Percy Colburn was also one of our mid-year graduates. Percy is now in Washington having turned down several good positions in order to go there.

Most important of all, worthy Judge, I call your attention to our three vamps: Sadie Kauffman; Esther Carl and Mildred Nutter and not only that but I charge them with stealing the charms from May Norcross, Gertrude and Gladys Benedict.

Could Your Honor think of anything worse than someone accusing another person of not having any sense of beauty? You couldn't. Well such a thing happened in Plattsburgh Normal School, Margaret Healy being the accuser and John Whalen the accused.

Katherine Thompson's sentence, I think everyone will agree, should be to teach a year at the expiration of which time, I think she could manage Donald much better because of the experience along that line.

Daisy Cisco is not satisfied with her lot at all but wants to see more (Seymour) of the world.

Olive Lundy and Hazel Ayres, with their years of experience should be models for the rest of us. But are they? Emphatically no! They have become so vain and frivolous since coming to Normal that I shudder for their pupils next year.

But lastly, I must speak of the worst, the rude unprincipled Elsa Parks. She could never come into the Accounting room quietly but would fall in and attempt to tip over all the desks.

Therefore, Your Honor, since the class of 1920, because of some serious complaint has failed to meet the requirements of a graduating class, may it please the court to demand that the class of 1920 be ordered to step down from this platform and spend at least another year within the wall of Plattsburgh Normal School.

JULIA A. SHEEHAN.

Class Prophecy

Your Honor, Members of the Faculty of the Senior Class and of the Junior Class:

It has been my great privilege to be chosen as Prophet for the Class of 1920; and to defend any unjust criticisms which my adversary may bring upon it. As I have not been gifted with any superhuman power to foretell the future or to jump ahead a decade or two, I can only foretell the future by knowing the past of each. Having been a guest in this institution for the past two years and having had nothing to do, I have had the opportunity of watching the other inmates about me. From their conduct I have been able to judge what each will become—and what will come and must come to each shall come well. A person's future should not be judged by his past; therefore I have come to the conclusion that each will attain a future that You, my listeners, least expect him to attain.

For instance, consider the Benedictines, two in number. You will instantly say, "Oh, yes, old maids—surely!" But here I must disagree with you. Do you think that after they leave this school and start out on their life work they will be as conscientious and demure as they have been here? Never! Both will go on the stage and I doubt whether the Ziegfeld Midnight Follies will be complete without them. It always turns out that way in life!

The Misses Davison, Carl, Boylan and Bradley whom you remember were as good examples of angels as one would wish to find, shall as they grow older combine their land, labor, and capital, buy a country home and take boarders. Men only—object Matrimony!

I will take Marion Baker as the next example. Picture her, if you can, as one of the best dancers New York has to offer. She will be the originator of several of the latest steps in dancing, especially one called the Gregg Hop.

If the Navin, Howard, Ayres Concert Co. visit your town, drop in and see them. Any person who ever had a friend who ever saw them will be presented with a complimentary ticket. Thus any of you present will be given a box seat—provided no one cares to buy it.

When the newsboy hollers "Extra, extra, Miss O'Connell takes another stand for women's rights—heated debate in the Senate. Hon. John Crowley almost defeated"—don't bother about it; the same thing happened here last year. Mr. Crowley stands his ground as well as he can but poor John always went down when a woman's wrath descended upon him. The paper which takes the side of Miss O'Connell is the Brown Lundy. Adah and Olive have managed to stick together all these years despite the fact that they both belong to the same Sorority.

The Misses Fifield, Hildreth, Tobin and Parmeter who are so fond of this school that they cannot bear to leave it, managed to secure positions here. Ruth and Stella prepare students for the mid-year and June dances. "If you can't learn after we teach you, stay at home," is their motto. (Most of the pupils stay at home.) Miss Tobin has succeeded Miss O'Brien because she took such an interest in rostrum work. Miss Parmeter becomes head janitress because of her efforts to make the Agonian room look neat.

There can be no doubt in my mind and none in yours but that Daisy Cisco will step into the shoes of her future Mother-in-Law. A boarding house for Normal students will be her lot. "Board here, and you'll see more than you can eat."

Katherine Coffey will of course occupy Mr. Todd's place when he leaves. She is admirably fitted for the position—provided the morality of teachers does not become too low.

The Misses M. Thompson, G. McCarthy, K. Koerber and A. Dempsey will do Evangelistic work. I see the looks of surprise on all your faces. Well 'tis true. They will give talks on the Anti-Sunday-Evening-Auto-Rides and its Effects on Students. Their experience along this line will make them well fitted for the position.

Miss Katherine Thompson as she is now known will without a doubt live in that cute little flat on Brinkerhoff St.

Farther down the street resides a modiste of great prominence; being no other than Mag Healey. (Dressmaking at all hours)

Speaking of distinguished people, I must not forget Madam Kauffmann, who is none other than our Sadye (spelt with a "y"). She has been very expert in dressing the hair having used all her spare moments in Normal to qualify her for this position.

Everyone well knows that Anna Rowles and Ruth Scribner will take the C. P. A. examination and will become such expert accountants that even Mr. Thompson will seek their advice on important questions.

Gertie Powers and Mae Norcross will try their best to make the town of Cadyville into a city. Very influential will they be in seeing that there is a dance every week and that all the young men in and about the city will be present.

You'd be surprised to learn that Kate Weir—Kate the worker, the industrious and law-abiding Kate—believes in the "get-rich-quick" plan. She keeps a dandy little place where five hundred is taught to all who care to learn and then always wins everything when they do learn. (Don't mention this to the Clayburg police please.)

For Grace Sheehan and Dorothy Maynard, I can see nothing for them to do but to take up the art of delivery. No, I am not referring to a position as postman but in speaking. They were so shy—so timid and one could scarcely understand a word they said when they read their essay. My friends, do you not agree with me?

As Dr. Henshaw's work becomes more and more complex for him it will be necessary for him to have an assistant in Psychology. I ask you, who is better qualified than Mary Parotte? Her great admiration for the subject has made her better fitted for the position than any one I could suggest.

There can be no doubt in any of your minds but that Josephine Stewart will attain the greatest heights of any of us. Her great fascination for writing (here you will become disappointed for I mean penmanship) will lead her into the shoes of Mr. Correll. Indeed a height like that is one that none of us dare hope to reach!!

I am pleased to announce that like every class of any importance, we can boast of one minister among us. When you enter any of the largest churches in Morrisonville, you'll be surprised to hear the impressive, mighty sermons which Percival William Mead Colburn delivers to his congregation. (I sincerely hope that so far none of you think I am losing my mind.)

Elsa Parks, I am surprised to remark, will become a court stenographer. You will remember she always had a soft spot for all attorneys.

Bertha Phebe Stevenson becomes, of course, Head of the Commercial Department of Education in New York State. However, she will not forget to ask the advice of all the Faculty just as she used to do when anything in the least disturbed her.

Mildred Nutter and Catherine Sancomb, who were so quiet in the good old days, become rather boisterous in trying to obtain equal rights among the future students of P. S. N. S. They believe there is no such word as "drag."

For Finnessy, Harvey, Gebo, Stafford and Giles I am sorry to announce that owing to the fact that I did not know them a sufficient length of time to foretell their future as correctly as I have the others, I can only give them a piece of advice. If they settle down to the life of good old school teachers, their life will be above reproach and they will have nothing to do but gossip about their more unfortunate classmates.

My adversary, knowing a good thing when she hears it but who dwells a little too much upon the faults of others, will be a critic reporter for all the best plays in New York.

And may you pardon me, Your Honor—to you who have listened with the utmost politeness to the Defense of the Class of 1920 and who have carried this class through its two long years at Normal, you who have won the esteem of the Faculty by some unknown way—for you I can only say, "Think *always* before you speak, look *always* before you leap."

And I do charge you all that before you utter a word of criticism upon this Defense remember the old, old saying:

"Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor er'e will be,"

A. L. G.

Senior Class Song

WORDS AND MUSIC

BY

HAZEL J. AYRES

Three cheers for the Class One-Nine-Two-O,
And farewell, dear Juniors—Here's hoping you'll grow.
Our colors are floated through class room and hall,
Beneath them forever, all Juniors must fall.
Our name down through History shall honor this day ;
Alma Mater's precepts shall guide us alway.

CHORUS

Then wake our glad song, while pleasures throng this happy day,
May memories ne'er grow old—nor hearts grow cold—
Bound with friendship's bands of gold.
And all through Life's way, Class Nineteen-Twenty,
To us the honors strong belong ;
“Through Trials to Triumph,” we'll sing our song.

All hail to the Class of Seniors true,
To the Class of victory, The Red, White and Blue.
Fond memories of P. S. N. S. shall always
Bring renewed the joy and gladness of our own school days.
Commencement is with us and each his course must steer ;
Let us pledge a life of Service and of Love throughout each year.

Class Will

Having been examined by Dr. Henshaw, Dr. Kitchell and the others whose task it is to examine us, and having been pronounced as possessing perfect mental and physical health, WE, the CLASS of 1920 of the Plattsburgh State Normal School, do hereby make and present this our last Will and Testament in disposal of all property possessed by us.

First: We present to our successors our class gift which stands in the hall and in whose gushing waters we hope they shall see nothing but pleasant visions of us.

Second: We bequeath to the class of 1921 strength of mind to keep secret their colors and physical ability to keep their banner flying where they raise it.

Third: We leave them muscle and wit to keep the next banner they steal.

Fourth: To the boys of 1921 we leave glasses that they may distinguish skirts from trousers and not exhibit their fighting qualities on the ladies.

Fifth: We give to the Faculty all the pleasure which they can get from conversing about the students in secret at Faculty meetings.

To Miss Hazel Caplan and Mr. Albert DesJardins we leave permission to sit in the same seat in chapel that they may converse without risk of being caught whispering across the aisle.

To Miss Ruth Abrahamson, Miss Powers' receipt on how to get slim.

To Miss Genevieve Carey, Miss Stewart's stock of hair ribbons.

To Miss Anna Lockwood, a few more hundreds in shorthand.

To Miss Helena Smith, Conway for Porter instead of Myers.

To Miss Frances Casey, a frame on which to do up her hair.

To Mr. James O'Connell, a bachelor's hall.

To Miss Theresa Kelley, a little more dignity when she becomes a Senior.

To Miss Ethel Merrihew, a free subscription to all the fashion magazines that she may continue to display the latest styles.

To Miss Gertrude Darrah, a set of gymnasium rings which we hope she will use to lengthen herself.

To Miss Veda Cassidy and Miss Leona Doig, a month's instruction under Ruth Clark and Hester Coleman on how to become vamps.

To Miss Dorothy Parker, a weather vane to aid her in determining which course she should take.

To Miss Revel Gardinier, a pair of shoulder braces.

To Miss Laura Nathan, a little more popularity when the school will be hers.

To Mr. Walsh McQuillan, two hot water bottles with the advice that he put them in his shoes the next cold night that he goes calling that he may not have to put his feet in the oven and that he may avoid the title "A Lover with Cold Feet."

To Miss Dorothy Tjeerdsma, with all confidence that she will be accepted, the privilege of proposing to Dr. Kitchell if she does it before December 31.

To Miss Elizabeth Trudeau, a new pair of shoes when she wears out her own from walking the streets.

To Miss Helen Cowles, in order to remove that worried expression from her face, her choice of a box of candy or a man.

To Miss Leah Arnold Crossman, a special box in which to keep her books.

To Miss Jane Prime, the goal of her ambitions, a man.

To Miss Helen Emperor, permission to vamp "Tommy" as long as Mrs. "Tommy" is not around.

To Miss Florence Fielding, a microscope to wear over her glasses that she may see something besides a red-headed Tuttle.

To Miss Kathryn Johnson, an electric curling iron.

To Miss Bernadette McCasland, a glass of milk each morning that she may get fat.

To Miss Dorothy Martin, a few responsibilities to take her out of childhood.

To Miss Margaret Lallier, the right to take private lessons in getting a pull.

To Mr. Edward Stratton, a little soothing syrup to rub on his brain that his classmates may endure his presence.

To Miss Marguerite Martin, a few pleasant smiles.

To Miss Foley and Miss Julia Hurley, the right to get a man anytime they choose.

To Miss Raly Grossman, a stick of chalk to strengthen her voice.

To Miss Dorothy Lewis, a digestant that the enormous amount of food which she consumes may not cause indigestion.

To Miss Ella McCabe a rubber doll.

To Miss Dorothy Stafford, a little more height to go with her perfect discipline when she would be a model old maid.

To Mr. Frank Tabor, a lady companion in the class of 1922 since he can find no one satisfactory in the class of 1921.

To Miss Mary Powers, a little bit of life.

To Miss Grace Cuddeback, as she never answers in class but just sits, that she may not waste her time sitting on nothing, a bequest of a seat where she may at least think.

To Miss Bertha Davison, Mr. Whalen's appreciation of her good looks.

To Miss Kathleen Hanley, a few hours' private conversation with the 1921 lunatic to see if she can be serious for once.

To Miss Velleda Duby, a wireless telephone with which to converse with Miss Navin next year.

To Miss Elizabeth Stuart, a box of ambitious pep.

To Miss Jane Collins, a snow plow with which to plow her way out from Beekmantown next year.

To Mr. Leonard Douglas, a few more hours in the day in which to "grind."

To Miss Bertha McCoy, an iota of common sense which she does not seem to possess, together with the following explanation—Bertha, WE SENIORS did tell you, together with the whole Junior class, that you would not have to study Commercial Arithmetic to get credit. But we did not tell you to inform Dr. Kitchell of what we were advising you; and when we told you, we thought that you were at least as bright as we and could learn without studying.

To Miss Adelaide Conkel, a pair of springs to put in the heels of her shoes that she may teeter as she walks without danger of breaking the arches of her feet.

To Miss Ruth Clark, a scrub-brush to rub in the paint and powder on her face that it may not be wasted on her escort's clothes.

To Miss Esther Papineau, the latest style plates.

To Miss Genevieve Ryan, her choice of all the frogs in the pond to coach her in singing.

To Miss Florence LeFaivre, an excuse from teaching for her diploma that she may go back on the farm to milk the cows for Ed. Stratton.

To Miss Johanna Menzel, a few more minutes between classes in which to converse with Dr. Kitchell.

To Miss Mary Warner, a few weeks of supervised vacation.

To Miss Hazel Scott, a spruce forest that she may raise her own gum.

To Miss Anna Garvey and Mr. Arthur Lyons, a course in Spanish, the language of love, that they may more easily express their sentiments to each other and obtain their heart's desire.

To Miss Erma Howes, permission to show that she is alive any time she pleases.

To Miss Agnes Keenan, a lemon to remove her freckles.

To Miss Margaret Merritt, a few more lessons under Miss Carroll when her education will be perfect in the art of sarcasm.

To Miss Hester Coleman, a furnished apartment in which to start house-keeping any time she and Leonard Douglas see fit.

To Mr. Edwin C. Robart, Jr., Board Walk, Atlantic City, N. J. since he has everything in the world and out of the world, we know of nothing to leave him except himself.

To Mr. W. G. Thompson, an assistant that he may not have to teach but may devote his entire time to *lecturing* the student body.

To Mr. Lee F. Correll, a new bottle of perfume.

To Mr. Todd, a little more self-importance.

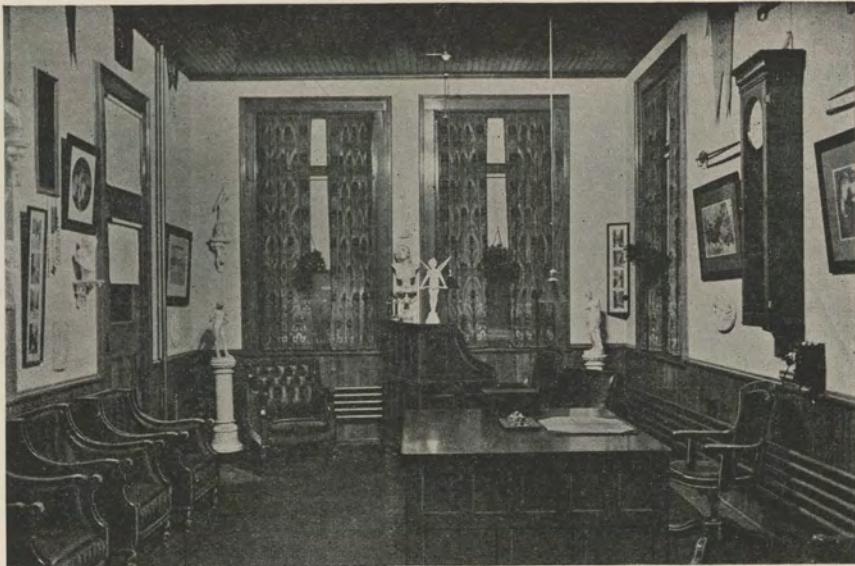
To Mr. Sinclair, a little more determination that he may get better results from his students.

To Dr. Henshaw, a new supply of jokes when those which he has get stale.
To Dr. Kitchell, a new personage to use instead of "Jakie."
To Miss Garrity, Mr. Whalen's highest regards.

CLASS OF 1920,
Per JOHN CROWLEY.

Witnesses:

J. E. STRAT MUFF,
R. O. BART JEFF.



Mementos of the Class of '20

Most honored Judge, Friends and Classmates, you have heard the charges brought against the Class of Nineteen-Twenty. It has bravely stood the trial and has been found not guilty of the complaints brought against it. It has been proven beyond reasonable doubt that this Class is fully qualified to graduate. I believe you will agree with me that this Class has been misjudged and is on the other hand the most brilliant, hard-working, promising Class that the Plattsburgh State Normal School has ever graduated. During the hard work of the past two years, the Class of Nineteen Twenty has been diligently pushing onward with its motto ever uppermost in mind, "Through Trials to Triumph."

Therefore, I believe that some fitting reward should be given. Now I take great pleasure in presenting to the different members of the Class these small tokens:

To Miss Hazel Ayers, this deed to a ranch in the West.

To Miss Marion Baker, this shorthand note-book that she may keep in practice.

To Miss Gladys Benedict, this thermometer to keep her temper even.

To Miss Mary Boylan, this evening "funny" sheet that she may have one good laugh.

To Miss Eunice Bradley, this horse and wagon in which to go riding with "Jakie."

To Miss Adah Brown, this cook-book—"The way to a man's heart is through his stomach."

To Miss Angela Dempsey, this book entitled, "How to Obtain the Artistic Touch."

To Miss Margaret Healey, a lunch to eat at recess providing she is not late for classes.

To Miss Stella Hildreth, this \$1,100 diamond ring from a ranch in the West.

To Miss Sadie Kauffman, this ladder to mount in order to get a better view.

To Miss Olive Lundy, this trunk in which to secure all her "Divine" letters.

To Miss Catherine Navin, the undertaking of the (Cos) grave proposition of running this special train between Saranac Lake and Dannemora.

To Miss Mildred Nutter, this medal for good work done in Hist. of Ed. in spite of her absence.

To Elsa Parks, this "Downy" pillow.

To Miss Ruth Scribner, this telegram providing she does not disclose its secrets.

To Miss Lettie Stafford, A bear (Abare).

To Mrs. Bertha Stevenson, this bucket in which to catch her tears.

To Miss Mary Thompson, this "Quill" pen.

To Miss Catherine Weir, this compass guaranteed to point the way to John Whalen.

To Miss Helen Gebo, this marriage license, which we understand is essential just now.

To Miss Kathryn Koerber, this bottle of antitoxin to protect her from night air.

To Miss Anna Rowles, an insurance policy, insuring her against all "heart troubles."

To Miss Catherine Sancomb, a bottle of Bronchial Elixir to strengthen her voice.

To Miss Gertrude Benedict, this prescription, which when used in proper spirit will make her tall.

To Miss Sylvia Bourrassa, a rope to tie around the next man she gets.

To Miss Esther Carl, a vanity case. Make good use of it, Esther.

To Miss Catherine Coffey, a cake of Honey Soap to clear her worried expression.

To Miss Flora Davison, a map of the Heavens to use when she goes star gazing.

To Miss Ruth Fifield, a position in Normal as Critic of the Critics.

To Miss Josephine Stewart, an anchor to keep her from bobbing around.

To Miss Lena Finnessy, some rubber cord for her joints that she may rise to worlds unknown.

To Miss Mae Norcross, Miss Gertrude Powers, Miss Hazel Parmeter: The Great Triumvirate—This key to an apartment in Middletown in which to keep "Old Maids' Hall."

To Miss Katherine Thompson, this little house in which to start life anew.

To Miss Gladys McCarthy, this "TURK"ey to remind her of good times at P. S. N. S.

To Miss Pearl Giles, a haven of rest.

To Miss Mary Harvey, a little more patience.

To Miss Elizabeth O'Connell, a bed. Now don't say "I'm so tired."

To Miss Katherine Tobin, a private telephone service to Chateaugay.

To Miss Mary Parrotte, this "Bluebird of Happiness."

To Miss Daisy Cisco, a box of stationery with which to continue her secretarial duties.

To Miss Julia Sheehan, this penmanship manual.

To Miss Grace Sheehan, \$20, to pay one week's board at Saranac Lake, to prevent a Summer of worry.

To Miss Nannie Howard, this stove.
To Mr. Percival William Meade Colburn, this cane to steady his gait.
To Miss Lucille Gilliland, this degree of P. M. (Pell Mell) in everything.
Mr. John Crowley, this song entitled "Take Your Girlie to the Movies if You
Can't Make Love at Home."
Mr. John Whalen, this clock for the better regulation of his bed-time hours.

DOROTHY M. MAYNARD.



Charge to the Juniors

Before we, Seniors, resumed our duties at the Plattsburgh State Normal School last September we had dreamed and pictured the Junior class which we knew would intrude upon our quiet halls.

Juniors, we had pictured you as being intelligent, enthusiastic, ambitious and studious, possessing a spirit of initiative and independence.

However dreams are usually the opposite and this was not an exception.

Mortal mind cannot imagine such a crowd of children weeping for home, such a representation of laziness and stubbornness, such a jumbled mass of suspicion and envy, such homely maids and exacting suitors as you were when you presented yourselves to us.

Surely, we were justified in being discouraged when a blank face was turned upward to ours and the question asked, "Where does 'such and such' a class recite?" We looked down on those pitiful faces and just could not refuse such a simple question. We realized from the very first the task which was before us and we set to work to do our duty.

After we, Seniors, had a class meeting you realized that perhaps you should also and immediately proceeded to copy us.

Juniors, do you remember how the halls rang that day as we sang our song? How the very tower echoed back our yells which crashed against the door behind which you sat quiet as mice hiding from a cat, and not even a squeak could we get in reply.

The main things decided at that meeting were the election of officers and the choosing of class colors.

Let us congratulate you on your selection of those colors, purple and gold. They are so original. They have been chosen in almost every school all over the country and moreover there are probably, still, bits of purple and gold crepe paper used by the previous Senior class which no doubt were suggestive to you.

Again, let us congratulate you on your president Mr. Walsh McQuillan. He certainly appeared the oldest, most dignified, most experienced and therefore most able to lead such a crowd of vagabonds.

You were proud of what you had accomplished in that first class meeting as was proved when the various members were so anxious to tell about it that they walked up to the Senior girls and told what had taken place without being questioned in any way.

The next day you showed your loyalty to your colors by passing them out,

down on the corner of the campus, and then when you appeared in the building if you saw a Senior near you, your hands closed over them to hide them from view.

That same day the Seniors wore their class colors. How you stood and gazed on us and how surprised you were when you discovered our banner. You knew then that you must have one so you skipped school to go home and make one. You did not have money to buy new material and no merchant, in this town would give you credit, so you picked up this faded purple rag and sewed on it strips of yellow for gold. Aren't you ashamed of this banner? It shows carelessness and thoughtlessness.

How clever you thought you were when you captured our banner. We knew that ours was enhancing in its beauty and glory but we had no idea that you would want to take it and keep it. However, such proved to be the case, for, while the Seniors were all busy with classes and it hung alone in its splendor in the study hall you boys sneaked in and pulled it down, but even then you disgraceful representatives of men dared not keep it upon your person so handed it over to one of your girls to carry. Did you think we, Seniors, were frightened at your large number and would let you walk away with our banner in your pocket? You were soon undeceived for a group of six Senior girls met fifty Junior girls and nine Junior boys in the hall at the close of the day's session and brushing all aside like flies, soon had the banner in our possession again. And then what did you boys do but, like howling wolves after their prey, attempt to tear it from our hands. Once more you found us invincible.

Again and again your desire to imitate has been shown by your calling a class meeting each time a Senior meeting was held and not knowing how to conduct a meeting you lowered yourselves to "eavedrop" at our door.

Do you appreciate what a great help we were to you in your numerous tests, what a great failure you would have been had we not been so generous in helping you? Just think of Mid-Years when we were not present, how many of you were conditioned, or passed only by the narrowest of margins.

We do believe that you did finally realize your barbaric state as is shown by our St. Patrick's Day party, for when we decorated the hall in green in honor of the occasion you appeared so self-conscious that you thought it was to represent your greenness. And then again you showed your high regard for us by fearing to approach the building except in a body.

And last of all let us advise you not to leave part of your essay at home the day you go on the rostrum.

Juniors, assimilate this bit of advice together with what we have given you during the previous year and you may be able to fill, however unworthily, your greatest ambition, and take our place as Seniors.

CATHERINE M. WEIR.

Class Oration

THE WORLD AT THE CROSS-ROADS

The greatest tragedy that has come to all the people of this age—a tragedy which far surpasses the World War is the failure of the countries at large and the failure of men of trust and influence to realize that a new world is upon us and that the nineteenth century ideals and methods will not solve the problems that are pressing for adjustment—problems that seem to have been born out of the war and yet that were engendered by the condition that has been slowly developing for more than a generation. If we trace this breakdown in chaotic strife back to its cause we shall find a failure to provide for the future. Our material civilization had come to depend to an extent, which few realize, upon far-sighted provision for future needs on the part of industrial and technical leaders. Telephone companies studied the needs of communities fifteen years in advance and went there ready with the capacity when the need arose. The more progressive railroads had buildings and improvement plans often ten years in advance. Every business enterprise with far-seeing leadership looks to the future but the public blandly accepts instant telephone communication and a luxuriously appointed express train running on the minute as its natural rights like air and sunshine.

But what checked this provision for the future? The answer comes readily. The unheralded World War. It absorbed material and labor until they became scarce, almost unobtainable. New construction became prohibitive in price and skilled mechanics to operate new machinery were put on ships and munitions instead. The effect was not felt at once but the world knows it now just as it knows a higher price for wool does not effect the buyer of a suit of clothes until after it has passed through a manufacturing process occupying months. This is now the world at the crossroads, the parting of the ways. It is like a ship that has lost not its steering gear but its captain and its pilot and is drifting on the high seas of doubt with no provision for the future.

The world is looking to America. Out of this country must arise a philosopher and a student of mankind—a publicist that shall rise as Lincoln arose, even out of obscurity—to point out the real issues about which we must think if we would emerge. Now, only and nothing less than an equivalent to the Lincoln-Douglas debates shall bring out the actualities of the new issues that must be settled in such form as to be helpful to the people who must come to some conclusion about something in the not distant future. Wanting this, the public mind

is not informed as to concrete facts. The issues therefore are confused and public opinion is shattered and unformed because it does not possess sufficient material that is reliable and pertinent for forming definite issues about which it may crystallize.

It was just so with America in the middle of the last century. There was arising an ugly issue of sinister proportions. Sometimes it appeared under the head of "states' rights"; sometimes under the head of "slavery." Nobody knew quite what the trouble was but everybody was afraid of it—most of all the publicists who had political ambitions. Politics and recognized political leaders have always failed when any country or people came to the parting of the ways regarding any new or fundamental issue. It is a new world now or rather the same world at the turning point ready to enter upon a new era. And that means new men not old ones beyond the power of readjustment. From such shall our leaders come a man as resolute as Washington, as patient as Lincoln, as modern as Roosevelt, an American who understands, feels, knows the needs of America and America's vast people as they exist today, who understands European conditions and can pilot the world with courage and ability to enforce new remedies through new channels—over the cross-roads.

MARGARET E. HEALEY.



Ivy Oration

As Alma Mater opened her all-embracing arms to the youth of our country and throws them about the undergraduate body she has allowed us to go free to step across the threshold of our Normal School life, for we have completed her tasks.

We have looked forward to this day with joy and sorrow. With joy that we are going forth to serve our country with broad and high ideals. With sorrow when we realize that our school days are over and we must part with friends, teachers, and classmates.

Our last act as members of the Class of 1920 will be the planting of this ivy. We plant it with the desire that in time it will grow to be strong and capable of meeting the many burdens and difficulties which lie in its path.

In the same manner do we as members of this class hope to strive upward confronting the perplexities on Life's long road to success.

May this ivy flourish and grow as the years roll on and carry with it the spirit of the Class of 1920.

GRACE A. SHEEHAN.

President's Address

Friends, Members of the Faculty, Classmates:

A beautiful day has dawned for us and with it there is ushered in the two-fold feeling of joy and sorrow.

Joy comes today in knowing that after two years we have completed our work and that we can lay down our books to take up the duties which we must begin tomorrow. They will be different duties than we have ever known; they are duties of responsibility which we must meet alone. Here, our tasks have been made easy for two years. No matter how many difficulties arose it seemed some way or other that there was always one who smoothed the way. Tomorrow the days must change and ours must be the guiding hand that will make others' tasks lighter as ours have been lightened here.

But joy turns to sorrow when we think that tomorrow will find our class separated, that we have left the Plattsburgh Normal School, the Faculty and those who have been our friends, not in name alone but in spirit.

Dr. Hawkins, and the Members of the Faculty, we have found in you those qualities which if we might but adopt them success would be ours. Words are inadequate to express all we would, but permit me to say that you have been our truest friends whom we shall remember forever.

Classmates—It has been a very great honor for me to represent you during the last two years. I have been so pleased that it is with great regret to-day that I lay down my duties as President of the Class of 1920. But in Life's Mirror we see,

"There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave
There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you."

"Give love, and love in your life will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

"Give truth, and your gift will be paid in kind,
And honor will honor meet;
And a smile that is sweet will surely find
A smile that is just as sweet.

"For life is the mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what we are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you."

JOHN J. WHALEN.

Autographs

John J. Whalen	Katharine C. Thompson
Angela B. Dempsey.	Hazel Palmerter
Mildred A. Mutter	Gladys E. Benedict
Esther M. Carl.	Marion Baker
Katherine Coffey	Flora O'Dowd
Hazel J. Cyprus	Mary G. Thompson
Connie B. Howard	Mary C. Dayton
Elsie E. Parky	Helen M. Gels
Ruth E. Scribner	Idah Brown
Dorothy Maynard	Katherine S. Tabin
Frank Powers	Elizabeth O'Connell
Daisy E. Cies	Catherine Raven
Wade McCarley	Gladys Benedict
Gertrude Powers	Oliver L. Lundy
Stella Hildreth	Catherine Sandcomb
Marydawne Savette	Ruth Tiffield
Sylvia Bousassa	Bertha O. Stevenson
John Crowley	Mary Harvey
Juba Shahan	Josephine Stewart
Catherine Stein	M. Pearl Gile
Margaret Bealey.	Grace Sheehan
Kathryn Heiter	Erinice M. Bradley
Sadie Taftman	
Mae Moreross	
D.W. M. Colburn	

Lucille Gilliland Melch Mueller
Grace A. Sheehan Frank Tabor

Salutatory

Teachers, Fellow Students, Friends:

We, the Senior Class, are today standing at the entrance of the world's stage whereon each is to play his part.

Honoring us with your presence here, we feel that your interest in our future is assured as it has been manifested in the past.

During the two short years in which we have aspired to reach this goal, we have encountered many difficult problems and tasks but by kind and patient guidance we have surmounted them all, and now we feel inspired by renewed strength and determination to push onward and upward.

From today, the reality of Normal Days shall begin to shape itself into rosy memories and as we step out into the Life of the world we shall be confronted by the realties of vital problems.

Opportunity is ours and success if we make it so. In our hands lies to shape and mould the America of tomorrow—to breathe the impulses and to instil the ideals which shall continue to permeate and to vitalize our Democracy.

Americanization is cogent today and a word which concerns each of us. In its interpretation it means usefulness. In training the boys and girls who are soon to become the active citizens of this Republic, we must bear in mind that the duty of good citizenship lies in the path of daily life, in the motives, actions—and still greater, in the thoughts that give impulse, tone and harmony to this life.

Large as the world is, and stupendous as are its questions, in its final analysis, it resolves itself into the individual character. A nation is only the individual in the mass, and the mass is only what the individual makes it. Therefore, in our profession, it is our duty as well as our great privilege to keep up the high standards of character which are the fundamental attributes of manhood and womanhood—kindliness, generosity, fairness, courage and justice. These are the corner stones of true Americanism.

With hearts filled with gratitude, may our lives attest us worthy of the inspiration and noble ideals of our training.

As we go forth to serve our Country, let us remember that Man's highest office is Service and that the greatest force in the world, is Service impelled by Love.

In behalf of the Class of 1920 permit me to extend to you a most cordial welcome.

HAZEL J. AYRES.

Valedictory

This, our Commencement Day, is the day and hour which we have been anticipating for the past two years. It symbolizes the close of our work in one field and opens the gate to a far larger one.

Though we do not know just what lies beyond this gate, we realize that we are just beginners in the school of life and not graduates.

Today we are students, tomorrow we are teachers of others who may in turn take our places and stand like us to bid farewell as we do today.

Dr. Hawkins and members of the faculty we cannot express to you our gratitude for your patient guidance and your interest. When our work seemed hardest and life darkest your kind words of encouragement helped us on our way. Though we cannot express today our appreciation, may our deeds and success in life prove what words cannot express.

Classmates, though today brings to each of us a feeling of gladness, it brings one of sadness also—gladness that we are ready to enter our chosen field, sadness that we must part from our many friends and pleasant associations of the two years just past. Though we must part, perhaps never again to assemble, though the time has come to bid farewell to our Alma Mater, our Faculty, our Fellow Students, Friends and Classmates, may the memories of our work guide as we go.

GLADYS E. McCARTHY.



To the Senior Girls

To you each, American beauty rose,
A long life and many beaux.
May your life be free
From care and sorrow ;
And today's pint of luck be a quart tomorrow.
Here are all the good wishes that we can remember,
From January first to the last of December.

FROM THE JUNIOR FELLOWS.





Clonian History

"When the mind is tired, the brain worried by work, we should cast aside thoughts of self and seek rest and pleasure in the companionship of others and what is termed the lighter side of Life."

During our Normal days we have found that it is not merely getting all the knowledge for ourselves, but in extending it to others and finding pleasure in so doing. The Clonian Fraternity symbolizes the lighter side of our school life. Founded in May 1899, for the purpose of bringing the girls together and extending the social element in the school, it has carried this idea down to the present day. It would be difficult to narrate in such a brief space all that this chapter of the fraternity has accomplished during its twenty-one years, so merely the incidents of the past two years will be recorded here.

With the entrance of the class of 1920 as Juniors in the Normal, we were at once made to feel as much at home as possible. Through the efforts of our Clonian Seniors all sorts of good times were prepared for us. Teas, house parties, movie parties and best of all pledge night were some of the good times we enjoyed. Although we took active part in the duties of the fraternity it was not until after the long looked-for initiation was over that we felt we were truly Clonians. During the year we helped our Senior sisters and tried to make ourselves ready for our next year at Normal. And then came June and the day of parting! Never shall we forget our regret at leaving our elder sisters who had been such a help and inspiration to us!

During the summer months we were all shocked to hear of the death of one of our most active members. Her loss was the only regret we had at coming back again as Senior Crios. Each one, by working a little harder for the fraternity, tried to fill the gap she had left and welcomed the new pupils by entertaining them in various ways. A tea dansant held in the "gymn" was the first social event. Then followed movie trips, novelty house parties, picnics and hikes. One of the most unique events held, was the Japanese party in the fraternity room. There we all gathered as little Japanese boys and girls, played Japanese games, heard Japanese music and ate Japanese food. This was proclaimed by all, one of the most successful of our rush parties.

One morning a large number of the Junior girls wore white and yellow bows. They were our new sisters.

With their help we endeavored to raise money for furnishing our room. A card party was given by the Alumni; cake and candy sales were held; chocolate bars were sold; and a lecture was given with our Agonian cousins. In May, the Grand Vice-President and Grand Secretary of the whole Clonian Fraternity with the Junior Delegate left for New Paltz to attend the annual Convocation. They returned with reports of the wonderful progress of the different chapters of the fraternity during the past year and the things which each chapter wished to accomplish in the future.

Once more we near the end of the school year but we leave not with the thought of returning another year but that we are leaving our school days behind us. And though we may in years to come, travel to the far corners of the earth never shall we forget our happy days in Clio.

A. L. G.







Agonian History

This last year has been a most happy and progressive one for Alpha Kappa Phi.

During the autumn many rush parties were held for the entertainment of the Junior girls, the most memorable of which took place at the historic DeLord House, where the British held their headquarters during the Battle of Plattsburgh and which is now maintained just as it was one hundred years ago, as a museum. After visiting the many rooms of this wonderful place and admiring all the curious things displayed there, refreshments were served in the old-fashioned garden behind the house.

Perhaps the most popular type of rush-party consisted of picnics "up the river." After a long tramp through the pine woods along the river bank, a fire was usually built down by the shore and coffee and "weenies" enjoyed.

On pledge night which took place late in the autumn many new girls were admitted to the fraternity and appeared in school the next day wearing the Agonian colors, blue and white and gold. Long will the Juniors remember pledge night but their memory of initiation will be longer. Their thrills in anticipation of that event were only surpassed by those experienced when the time arrived.

Since pledge night many enjoyable literary meetings have been held. On these occasions the girls have become better acquainted and each one has been encouraged to make the most of her talents for the entertainment of the rest.

One literary meeting of a unique character was a Washington's Birthday Party given in honor of three of our members who left at mid-year. In the course of this party the future of each member was foretold and caused general merriment.

During the year two very successful cake and candy sales were held, and many boxes of Hershey Bars were sold.

The Agonian Room has been greatly improved by the addition of window-seats, the retinting of the walls in soft gray and cream-color and by the new curtains and cushions of orange and black made by the alumni.

One of the most interesting events of our Normal Course was the musical lecture given in Normal Hall during our Junior year by Madame Powell, under the auspices of our fraternity and of our cousins, the Clionians. The chapel was

filled to its capacity and many people will long remember some of the famous lecturer's experiences.

And thus our days in Alpha Kappa Phi will long be remembered not only in an intellectual and literary sense, but also in a social way. Many friendships have been formed through intimacy which membership in the fraternity alone has made possible. Ever shall each Senior remember with pleasure these days so happily spent.

Though many a happy day
May light our future way,
There is no dearer tie
Than Alpha Kappa Phi.

J. S.



Alumni Notes

The friends of Julia Shay will be interested to know that she has returned from abroad where she was Acting-Auditor of the Balkan Staff Commission of the American Red Cross. She spent some time in Paris, Rome, Solonika, Athens, Constantinople and Bucharest; visited Switzerland and the battlefields of France, Belgium and Italy; had an audience with the Pope; was presented to King Alexander of Greece and also to King Ferdinand and Queen Marie of Roumania in whose palace she was entertained and decorated by their majesties.

BIRTHS

Tobin—To Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Tobin (née Mabel Austin) twin sons, on April 2, 1920.

Roman—To Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Roman (née Elizabeth Baker) a son, on January 1, 1919.

Rumpff—To Mr. and Mrs. Roy Rumpff, a daughter. They are living in Corning.

ENGAGEMENTS

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Flora A. Purvis, of Brooklyn, Class of 1918, to Fay O. Allen, Class of 1917.

Miss Mila Hinds, Class of 1918 is engaged to Mr. Henry Collin, graduate of Cornell University in 1919.

DEATHS

Mrs. Rascoe, formerly La Verne L. Sprague, graduate of Cortland Normal and the Commercial Course of the Plattsburgh Normal, died Jan. 10, 1919.

Mrs. Walter Fennaughty (née Ruth Alexander) died in December, 1919.

Mr. Desmond Riley, husband of Grace Butterfield, Class of 1904, died in the Fall of 1919.

Mr. H. Sexton, huband of Ruth Mooney (Class of 1908).

MARRIAGES

McQuillan-Byrnes. Miss Irene Byrnes, graduate of 1918, was married to Walter McQuillan, January, 1920.

Duryea-McMasters. Miss Mary McMasters, graduate of 1917, was married to George Duryea. They are now living at Oyster Bay, N. Y.

Merrihew-Garrant. Miss Violet Garrant, graduate of 1919, was married to Fay Merrihew, of Plattsburgh, during the summer of 1919.

Jackson-Dickenson. Miss Sarah Dickenson, graduate of 1915, was married to Philip Jackson. Mr. and Mrs. Jackson have made their home in Hartford, Conn.

Carpenter-Hewitt. Miss Frances Hewitt, graduate of 1917, was married to Charles Carpenter. Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter are living in Rouses Point.

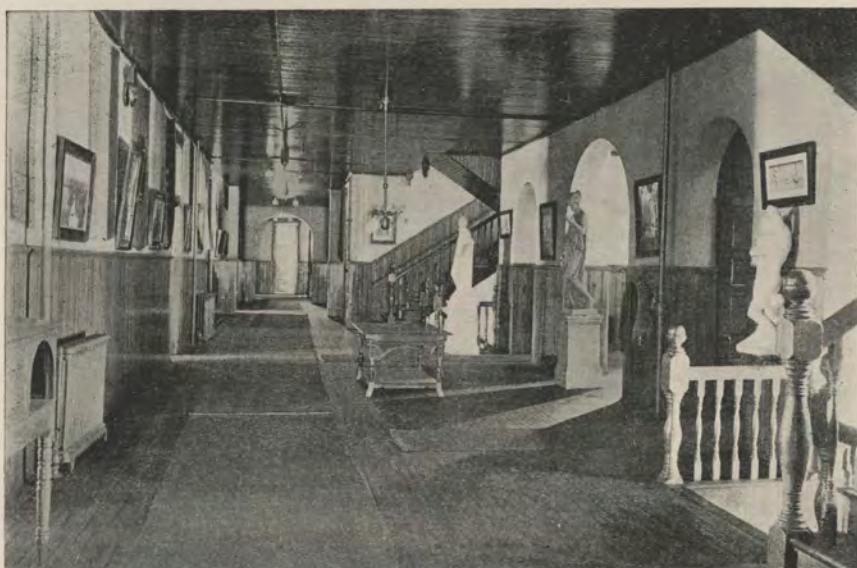
Dow-Kimball. Miss Gladys Kimball, graduate of 1915, was married to Oliver Dow of Plattsburgh.

Lavin-Costello. Miss Eva Costello, graduate of 1904, was married to Marvin Lavin. Mr. and Mrs. Lavin are living in Plattsburgh.

McKinney-Weaver. Mr. Lewis McKinney was a graduate of 1916. Mr. and Mrs. McKinney are living in Plattsburgh.

Brown-Smith. Miss Myrtis Smith and Mr. Carlos Brown were graduates of 1916.

CATHERINE THOMPSON.





The Historic Delord House

There is a quiet glamour in old things,
Where fancy with a golden shuttle weaves
A fairy-like design, which 'round them clings
Like autumn sunshine over fallen leaves.

In Plattsburgh town there is a mansion old,
Rich with the treasures of a hundred years.
Time o'er its vine-clad roof has lightly rolled
With smiles of gladness, and a few stray tears.

Without, an ancient gate of quaint design ;
Within a garden where the sunlight plays
O'er many a gnarled old shrub and clinging vine,
And pathway winding back to former days.

Within the walls of this enchanted place
The spirit of past glories reigns supreme.
A perfume as of lavender and lace
Steals all around as softly as a dream.

And smiling down from all the storied walls,
Old portraits look from out their gilded frames.
Men of renown have wandered through these halls,
The rooms still echo their illustrious names.

Here once the British their headquarters made,
And left a relic of their headlong flight;
A chest of silver in the hallway laid,
As they surrendered to our greater might.

Above the stairs the ancient clock ticks on;
Two hundred years the hands have passed around.
From Wethersfield it came in days long gone,
Where still the words of Washington resound.

And now as years roll by in ceaseless flow,
O Fate, have mercy on this ancient place,
Grant that its fame may ever wider grow
A Treasure House the coming years to grace!

JOSEPHINE STEWART.



Abroad

We were at the wharf of a little seaport town in France, taking our place in the long line of passengers who thronged up the gang plank of the great ocean liner. This beautiful May morning, so far, had been complete, with but one shadow across our path.

Soon we were steaming far from port. Some of the passengers had in turn become settled in their chosen position. Some were strolling languidly about the decks, others were watching in admiration the ever changing coast line as we rounded the Spanish Peninsula, and glided past the great Rock of Gibraltar.

Fainter and still fainter grew the lines of the distant shores until they had faded entirely away and on all sides lay the great expanse of water.

As the soft warm winds of the Mediterranean stirred the sea, they silently filled us with a feeling of awe in reflecting upon this ancient commercial route. We were entering the portals of the most ancient civilization and the thought cast each one into a mood of reverence as though he were trespassing upon an almost sacred spot.

The feeling of joy and mirth which had characterized the spring day seemed to have suddenly gone, unawares, and without knowing why, we grew more or less anxiously restless. Even the sky frowned, blacker and blacker, sharp flashes of light darted across the sable brow, low, heavy rumblings fell continuously upon our ears. The old sea-rider rocked and pitched about uneasily as the waves rose higher and higher in a tumultuous rage. Suddenly we were conscious of a horrible trembling, a gigantic vibration, and terror seized every heart.

Crashing!—Blackness, screams and groans! Helpless I sank in the great angry sea. I grabbed!—I tossed!—I tried but I was helpless and terror tore my senses from my conscious fate.

It was morning, and the first brightness seemed too great, too much for me to bear. I tried to move as I lay on the burning hot sand of the desert shore and dimly saw the white-turbaned Arab moving about me. If I could only escape—those low strange mutterings—but no strength had I left.

The light softening more and more, I slowly opened my eyes to behold a white gowned nurse standing over me, while, with a smile of half pity, half mockery, the dentist held before me the trophy of his strength.

Immediately, the experience of taking gas became a living memory.

HAZEL AYRES.

Watch Out!

There's a bunch of folks at Normal that have a lot to say,
And they always seem to say it in so positive a way,
No matter how you struggle your lessons to prepare,
They are sure, somehow, to greet you with a look of sheer despair.
But it's better far to smile than to answer back or pout,
For the Faculty will get you if you don't watch out!

"How many of you has it?", is a phrase we often hear,
But it's plain to every Junior, though it sounds a little queer.
"Pick up your papers, Jakey, don't leave garbage on the floor."
When you say a lot for Benny, he always calls for more.
Yet you musn't cut the classes our rhyme complains about,
For the Faculty will get you if you don't watch out!

According to directions which we know far, far too well,
Move your arm and not your thumb, in the presence of Correll;
"Cut out the funny stuff, and get right down to work,"
For, "in the main," Lee's high disdain is boundless for a shirk.
And don't sit out the dances, else, without the slightest doubt,
Some professor's sure to grab you if you don't watch out!

If you didn't laugh at Daddy's jokes, or simulate a grin,
And never sang in music 'cause your voice was cracked and thin,
And to all the other cautions you refused to lend an ear,
Don't wonder if you're back again to spend an extra year;
Then, if your wisdom-molars have begun at last to sprout,
You'll acknowledge, "Sure, they got me, 'cos I never did watch out!"

K. A. B. AND A. L. G.

Horoscope

	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	GREATEST FEAR	HIGHEST AMBITION
Hazel Ayers,	Oh, cats! But listen.	That he won't like it.	To go West.
Sylvia Bourassa,	You poor nut!	Not getting enough to eat.	To teach in the West.
Marion Baker,	Mercy!	History of Commerce.	To grow up.
Adah Brown,	Not now, but later I may.	Leonard's.	To understand "stocks & bonds"???
Esther Carl,	How you comin'?	A dog.	To be a cook.
John Crowley,	Have you got an ad?	A "modern girl."	To be an orator.
Daisy Cisco,	Oh, that's easy.	The D. & H.	To be popular.
Angela Dempsey,	Play, I want to sing.	Seventh Grade.	To not miss anything.
Pearl Giles,	Let's go!	To pronounce "unanimously."	To get back to Ellenburg.
Lucille Gilliland,	Mercy, me!	Mice and men.	To be a teacher's wife.
Nannie Howard,	Who—what—when —where?	That her hair will come down.	To rival Galli Curci.
Mildred Nutter,	My goodness!	Of not having everything completed.	To be a nurse.
Elizabeth O'Connell,	Oh, dear, I'm so tired.	Initiation.	To be a "modern" girl.
Gertrude Powers,	Know nothing, fear nothing	Frogs.	To vamp Joe Coats.
Elsa Parks,	Dear me, Uncle Darius.	To lose her drag with Bennie.	To become acquainted with C. H.
Grace Sheehan,	Ye—gods!	To have things look cheap.	To become a dressmaker.
Catherine Sancomb,	I think that's rare.	Teaching.	To live at home.
Ruth Scribner,	Have you got your account- ing done?	To go to class without her lesson done.	To be I, Mae McDowell's asst.
Julia Sheehan,	How do you write this?	Accounting.	She would never tell.

	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	GREATEST FEAR	HIGHEST AMBITION
Bertha Stevenson,	I have a business engagement.	Nothing.	To get \$2,000.
Josephine Stewart,	Oh, joy!	Not to be too tall.	To be a globe-trotter.
Lettie Stafford,	We must do it.	That everyone wouldn't get a man for the dances.	To catch A(bare).
Mary Thompson,	Who, me?	Dr. Hawkins.	To have every dance.
Catherine Thompson,	That's a good idea.	Feathers.	To get fat.
John Whalen,	Listen!	To lose Ann.	To stand in with everybody.
Catherine Tobin,	Oh, boy!	The dark.	To get letters.
Gertrude Benedict,	If I get my position—	Of getting fat.	To be dignified.
Catherine Weir,	Now you see, it's just like this.	A test in Hist. of Ed.	To grow tall.
Helen Gebo,	Land Sakes!	Fifth Grade.	To own a Studebaker.
Gladys Benedict,	Oh, dear me!	Refreshment committees.	To start a Commercial Course.
Mary Boylan,	What'll I ever do?	To attend business meetings.	To read her second essay.
Eunice Bradley,	Oh, gracious!	Dancing.	To be a minister's wife.
Katherine Coffey,	Now—Oh—a!	Pitman Shorthand.	To go home every week.
Mary Parotte,	Oh, golly!	Shorthand.	To talk French.
Percy Colburn,	How does she look?	To go broke.	To stand in with the ladies.
Flora Davison,	Oh, my!	Of being a delicate eater.	To sing in the choir.
Ruth Fifield,	Well I don't see why.	That she won't have curly hair.	To get a position.
Lena Fennessy,	Oo-la-la, wee-wee.	That she'll be sedate.	To go to the dances in a taxi.
Margaret Healy,	Oh, dear, Miss Andrews!	Caterpillars.	To substitute.
Stella Hildreth,	Um-m-m-m.	Of making a noise.	To make the Ford go faster.
Mary Harvey,	Oh, gee!	Nature study.	To dance.

	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	GREATEST FEAR	HIGHEST AMBITION
Kathryn Koerber,	W-h-a-a-t?	Having her picture taken.	To keep a Tab(or) tag.
Sadie Kaufmann,	My, laws!	Of one hair being out of place.	To remain awake in History of Commerce.
Dorothy Maynard,	H-o-n-e-s-t?	Arithmetic.	To get a man.
Gladys McCarthy,	My, dear!	How she is going to know.	To surpass others.
Mae Norcross,	My, stars!	Rostrum.	To teach in Middletown.
Catherine Navin,	Now don't contradict.	To not get a (0) in Psych.	To be on the honor roll.
Hazel Parmeter,	You dear girl!	To sell chocolate.	To be a P. S. N. S. critic.
Anna Rowles,	We ll.	Not having a vacation.	To get "slues" of jokes for the Cardinal.
Olive Lundy,	Well, dear!	Of not getting a letter every day.	To be Devine.

Nevermore

Ah distinctly, I remember
It was only last December
When each poor misguided member
 Of Correll's Bookkeeping class,
Fell to cramming and to working
 With Correll behind them lurking
Just to see which ones were shirking
 Just to see which ones should pass.

For we knew that he was thinking
 With his eyes so slowly blinking
Of those students who were slinking
 Slinking up to Reddie's Hall.
And he knew that those who danced there
 Knew that those who gaily pranced there,
Even those who only glanced there,
 On a test would surely fall.

Yes, I think some voice betrayed us
 For although the rules forbade us
Never a thing there was delayed us
 When invading Reddie's Hall.
And although we feared detection
 Knew our ways would bear correction
Yet we took the same direction
 When we heard the Jazz Band Call.

Once I sat there idly dreaming
 I could hear the music screaming
I could see the Jazz Birds preening
 As they shook across the floor.
And I tho't, "Now what's the reason
 That each year about this season
Our old toes all get to teasin'
 Teasin' to come in that door."

Don't those tremors hit the teachers,
Are they too much like the preachers,
And with scorn distort their features
While the Shimmy they revile?
Ah, if they could know the feeling
That comes o'er us, softly stealing
With the music plaintive pealing
As the moments we beguile.

At that moment I was gazing
At the door, it was amazing
For Correll stood there appraising
With his eye, the motley crowd.
All us Normalities were quaking
As with ague were we shaking
Ah, indeed, there was no faking
And our prayers we said aloud.

I repeat it was December
And distinctly I remember
With each solitary member
Of our poor misguided class
That the test so wild and wooley
Made us understand quite fully
That Correll could be a bully
If we flunked and failed to pass.

Yes, dear reader, and next season
When our toes begin their teasin'
We will quote, and for good reason,
With the raven, "Nevermore."

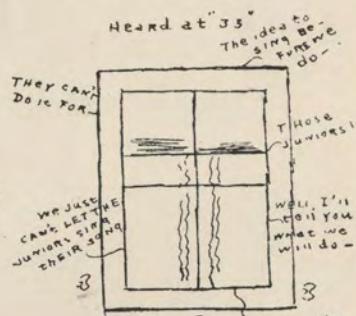
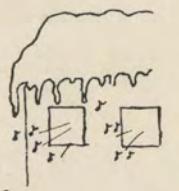
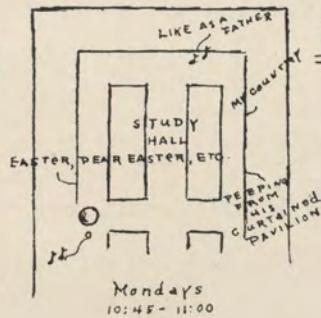
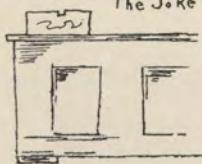
"JAZZIE ART."

Calendar of the Year

- Sept. 10—The Institution opens.
- Sept. 11—The Juniors become homesick.
- Oct. 24—The boys give a dance (cider and doughnuts).
- Nov. 20—Mr. Correll receives a mysterious telegram.
- Dec. 12—The girls return the boys' dance.
- Jan. 23—The Mid-Year Hop.
- Jan. 27—A few plus a sleighride but minus a chaperon.
- Jan. 30—Result: Dr. Hawkins meets those few.
- Feb. 2-3—Some Seniors learn that Economics is a regular subject after all.
- Feb. 5—Dr. Henshaw gives his orals.
- Feb. 12—The Juniors attempt to sing their song.
- Feb. 18—The Seniors send a certain Professor some flowers.
- Feb. 19—The Juniors follow their example.
- Feb. 26—Someone answers brilliantly in History of Commerce.
- Mar. 8—The Generals hand in some jokes.
- Mar. 19—The Seniors entertain.
- Mar. 22 to Apr. 30—A series of Junior Class Meetings.
- Apr. 27—The Cardinal goes to print.
- Apr. 30—The Juniors expect to entertain.



BIGGEST JOKE OF THE SEASON
The Joke Box!



R.M.A.'21

But did they? I'll say they did!





Junior Class Officers

THOMAS W. MCQUILLAN	President
HESTER I. COLEMAN	Vice-President
JANE W. PRIME	Secretary
EDWIN C. ROBART, JR.	Treasurer

CLASS FLOWER

GRASS (THAT'S GREEN ENOUGH) ??????

CLASS COLORS

PURPLE AND GOLD

CLASS MOTTO

(INVENIEMUS AUT FACIEMUS VIAM) WE'LL FIND A WAY OR WE'LL MAKE ONE.

CLASS YELL

Altogether—everyone—1-9-2-1
Who said twenty-one
We said twenty-one
Juniors—Juniors—Juniors
Seventy——Seventy
Seventy——What
Juniors—Juniors—Juniors



nosmahrba A. htuR
 retxaB A. enirehtak
 nalpaC F. lezaH
 yeraC M. eveiveneG
 yesaC M. secnarF
 ydissaC adeV
 kralC I. htuR
 nameloC I. retseH
 snilloC H. enaJ
 leknoC edialedA
 selwoC M. neleH
 namssorC haeL
 kcabedduC H. ecarG
 harraD edurtreG
 nosivaD A. ahtreB
 snidraJ seD J. treblA
 gioD anoel
 salguoD dranoeL
 ybuD I. adelaV
 rorepmE I. neleH
 gnidleiF E. ecnerolF
 yeloF derdliM
 reinidraG leveR
 yevraG G. annA
 namssorG ylaR
 yelnaH E. neelahtak
 sewoH F. amreE
 yelruH H. ailuJ
 nosnhoJ E. nyrrhtak

Jamestown, N. Y.
 Plattsburgh, N. Y.
 Tupper Lake, N. Y.
 Upper Jay, N. Y.
 Altona, N. Y.
 Hinesburg, Vt.
 East Rochester, N. Y.
 Little Britain, N. Y.
 Glens Falls, N. Y.
 Rochester, N. Y.
 Green, N. Y.
 Dolgeville, N. Y.
 Geneva, N. Y.
 Cadyville, N. Y.
 Mooers Forks, N. Y.
 Plattsburgh, N. Y.
 Walton, N. Y.
 Unadilla, N. Y.
 Dannemora, N. Y.
 Dannemora, N. Y.
 Glens Falls, N. Y.
 Fulton Chain, N. Y.
 Hale Eddy, N. Y.
 Plattsburgh, N. Y.
 Plattsburgh, N. Y.
 East Poultney, Vt.
 Plattsburgh, N. Y.
 Glens Falls, N. Y.
 Middlebury, Vt.

<i>naneek sengA</i>	<i>Peru, N. Y.</i>
<i>ylleK R. aserehT</i>	<i>Port Henry, N. Y.</i>
<i>reillaL L. teragraM</i>	<i>Harrower, N. Y.</i>
<i>erviaFeL ecnerolF</i>	<i>Clayton, N. Y.</i>
<i>siveL M. yhtoroD</i>	<i>Newburgh, N. Y.</i>
<i>doowkcoL annA</i>	<i>Rochester, N. Y.</i>
<i>snoyL ruhtrA</i>	<i>Plattsburgh, N. Y.</i>
<i>ebaCcM allE</i>	<i>Deposit, N. Y.</i>
<i>dnalsaCcM ettedanreB</i>	<i>Plattsburgh, N. Y.</i>
<i>yoCcM ahtreB</i>	<i>Brownville, N. Y.</i>
<i>nalliuQcM hslaW</i>	<i>Plattsburgh, N. Y.</i>
<i>nitram E. yhtoroD</i>	<i>Witherbee, N. Y.</i>
<i>nitram A. etireugraM</i>	<i>Lake Placid, N. Y.</i>
<i>lezneM annahoJ</i>	<i>McClure, N. Y.</i>
<i>wehirreM lehtE</i>	<i>Plattsburgh, N. Y.</i>
<i>ttirreM F. teragram</i>	<i>Clinton, N. Y.</i>
<i>nahtaN lreB aruaL</i>	<i>Lake Placid, N. Y.</i>
<i>llennoC'O semaJ</i>	<i>Plattsburgh, N. Y.</i>
<i>uaenipaP sydalG rehtsE</i>	<i>Dannemora, N. Y.</i>
<i>rekrap M. yhtoroD</i>	<i>Plattsburgh, N. Y.</i>
<i>srewoP andE yraM</i>	<i>Clintonville, N. Y.</i>
<i>emirP W. enaJ</i>	<i>Elizabethtown, N. Y.</i>
<i>traboR niwdE</i>	<i>Atlantic City, N. J.</i>
<i>nayR eveiveneG</i>	<i>Plattsburgh, N. Y.</i>
<i>ttocS A. lezaH</i>	<i>Plattsburgh, N. Y.</i>
<i>htimS M. aneleH</i>	<i>Florence, N. Y.</i>
<i>droffatS yhtoroD</i>	<i>Peru, N. Y.</i>
<i>nottartS drawdE J.</i>	<i>Plattsburgh, N. Y.</i>
<i>trautS htebazilE</i>	<i>Adams, N. Y.</i>
<i>robaT P. knarF</i>	<i>Plattsburgh, N. Y.</i>
<i>amsdreejT yhtoroD</i>	<i>Ilion, N. Y.</i>
<i>odurT L. htebazilE</i>	<i>Tupper Lake, N. Y.</i>
<i>renralW P. yraM</i>	<i>Middlebury, Vt.</i>



Junior Class Poem

Our first year and our last! With faltering feet
We stand between the two, waiting to greet
Our Senior year, whose broad, unwritten page
Stretches beyond our sight; the wisest sage
May tell us naught; no line the future shows—
Which more of shade or light—we do not know.

Senior and Junior voices ring cheerily and sweet;
Gifts are exchanged today, for surely it is mete
That hearts make glad and loving words of cheer
And smiles of gladness close our Junior year.

Half tearfully we turn to gaze once more
On by-gone days; each page is written o'er
With lines crossed and re-crossed. Ah! very dear
To us the record of the sweet dead year,—
Its mingled joy and pain; along the way
Are strewn crushed buds of hopes all ashen gray;
In the wide corridors we see three score
Glad faces that next year will bring no more.

But gladly do we give this precious year—
Here bright with golden gleams—there stained with tears—
Knowing that where we've erred we'll be forgiven,
Praying we'll reach the goal for which we've striven,
With honors won by zeal in our last year
In which we enter half with hope, half fear.

ANNA GARVEY

The Junior Class History

Oh! you the Class of 1920, do you remember that eventful day of September 10, 1919, when the now renowned Class of 1921 entered P. S. N. S. as inconspicuous Juniors? Did you ever suppose that those "youngsters" whom you regarded with such superior, pitying smile would ever become the present enterprising Junior Class? How energetic and desirous we were to make our class most successful! With the undaunted spirit of the untried we decided to make a way to class spirit and so "Inveniemus aut faciemus viam" (We'll find a way or make one) became our motto.

How exciting life was those first few days, and how amusing it must have been for the dignified Seniors to see the Juniors flocking into the Study Hall to receive directions from Mr. Shallies and then scampering through the corridors trying to find the Psychology class in the Accounting room! We bore all these troubles with grins and accepted peaceably the taunts hurled at us by our superior classmates.

It did not take us very long, however, to get into the routine of Normal School life and October 22, 1919 found us organizing as the illustrious class of 1921, with Walsh McQuillan as our great president.

Our next event was unprecedented, for lo! the next day, the Seniors beheld every Junior wearing his royal colors of purple and gold while the Seniors themselves, came out with a display of red, white and blue. Perhaps it was due to jealousy on their part that a disturbance was created when the Seniors tried repeatedly to take our colors away from us. They even went so far as to mob a certain little person in her loyal attempt to guard our banner. At the end, however, they gained nothing of value (in the way of banners at least).

In the midst of our work came the first and much-needed vacation—Thanksgiving. Our separation acted as an incentive for greater activities on our return. Ours was the first class in the history of P. S. N. S. to show its originality by selecting and wearing the pin and ring of '21 during the entire Normal School course.

Then came Christmas vacation which was followed by the Mid-Year Dance and those trivial quizzes (???) also given at Mid-Year.

After that, both classes settled down to peace and quiet until that eventful day of February 12, when "Seventy Juniors" stood forth and sang their class song to "forty seniors."

On March 19, the Junior Class attended in a body a delightful St. Patrick's Day party given by the Seniors. We will modestly pass over the Masquerade given for them shortly after Easter, leaving each one to judge as to its success.

The biggest and best event of the year, looked forward to by all was Commencement week, which will long be remembered as the pleasantest of our school year.

Now with a feeling of satisfaction and pride that we have successfully completed our first year of Normal School life, we leave with the hopes of a still more promising Senior year.

FLORENCE M. LEFAIVRE,
RUTH M. ABRAHAMSON,
ETHEL M. MERRIHEW.



Reply to the Seniors

The great day which you Seniors have been anxiously awaiting is here and as it will be the last opportunity we Juniors will ever have of saying what we really think of you, we are prepared to do it.

Think back if you will to the day on which you Seniors held your first class meeting for the purpose of electing your class officers. Well, where were those Juniors whom you had regarded as meek, unassuming and incapable of doing anything without first being advised by you Seniors. Why! they were in Dr. Kitchell's class room, electing their class officers. Was it necessary for us to look for advice from you Seniors before calling our class meeting? Indeed not! We went ahead, elected our officers and selected our class colors much to the surprise and humiliation of that (supposed to be) wonderful class of 40 who called themselves Seniors.

You will doubtless recall those stirring days in shorthand class when some of you Seniors acting in the capacity of pupil teachers fairly trembled and gasped for breath lest we Juniors would show you up by asking questions which you would be unable to answer. We knew your position, and feeling that it would be practically useless for us to expect any information from you concerning the lesson, we remained quiet saying to ourselves, "Sammy, forgive them for they know not what they do."

Moreover, we showed our mettle by having the audacity, as one Senior exclaimed, to break every precedent of this Normal School and purchase our class rings and pins in our Junior year. What was more, we adopted as our class ring, the very ring which you Seniors had hoped to have as yours but for which you lacked the courage to ask Dr. Hawkins' approval because it did not bear the State seal.

The Juniors showed up the "feverish little band of 40" another time by singing their class song in assembly while you Seniors sat dumfounded, unable to be reconciled to the fact that we had again gained the upper hand. But what had the Seniors planned to do just before assembly that eventful morning, when they discovered what we were about to do? Why they, being Seniors, who had only got so far as thinking that they stood in with Dr. Hawkins, a thought which never materialized, decided on a plan of action. They were going to sing their class song out in the corridor directly before assembly without the necessary permission. The decision had only been reached when they were told what they could

and could not do, convincing them more than ever that the Juniors did things in the right way and at the right time and that the class of 1921 was the choice in the eyes of the principal.

Although our one great aim and purpose has been accomplished in giving you cold, indisputable facts concerning your school life, nevertheless we Juniors do not feel that way toward you. The associations which we have formed among ourselves as a student body, will recall to us in future time some of the pleasantest memories we shall ever have.

We bid you fond adieu and wish you the best of luck and success.

THOS. WALSH MCQUILLAN.

Junior Class Song

TUNE OF "OCTOBER"

Oh! we are Juniors, seventy strong,
With forty Seniors 'round us;
We've gathered here to sing our song,
And laud our Alma Mater.
But which class is the nobler,
The Junior or the Senior;
Which shall gain renown in all its work,
In dear old Plattsburgh Normal?

CHORUS:

The Juniors! The Juniors!
Hurrah for the Juniors true;
The purple and gold shall float on high,
Hurrah for the Juniors of P—S—N—S.
The Juniors! The Juniors!

We feel it our duty to give advice,
To all departing Seniors;
And we shall nobly fill their place
As they march out before us.
The Class of Nineteen Twenty-one
Shall lead its members on to victory;
Farewell dear Seniors—we bid adieu,
And wish success to each of you.

LEONARD DOUGLAS.

Stop! Look! Listen!

To tell the truth "Gum money" doesn't go very far but "You'd be surprised" what it did for us! For at the suggestion of Mr. Correll, we used these savings for an Investment, namely a little Ford coupe!

Clearly understand, gentle readers, we started out one day in June merely to tour the surrounding country, little suspecting the many times we would have to Stop! Look! Listen!

As we spun along one of the streets we heard the strain of Lohengrin's Wedding March and we could not help but wish that Katie Thompson would find the road to Matrimony as smooth as the one we were riding on! Another wish was that Mag Healy, "Our Social Butterfly" might have prospects equally as great.

On passing by the Normal our attention was attracted by a queer group consisting of Mary Boylan, Eunice Bradley, Esther Carl, Flora Davidson and Ruth Fifield paying their last respects to the stately edifice before entering the nearby institution the day after school closed.

Near the village of Cadyville we beheld someone sitting on the fence and as we drew near we heard a voice call out, "If I am so odious, pass me by!" (It must have been John Crowley).

Just then Daisy Cisco passed by in a flivver; no doubt she too wished to "Seymour" of the country before leaving Plattsburgh.

We stopped at a farm house for refreshments and whom should we run into but Marion "Worry" Baker who was going to try the rest cure after her strenuous battling for a thirteen-hundred-dollar position.

All was not smooth sailing, for as we were about to stop to converse with the ambitious Dot Maynard and Gladys McCarthy, who had already started their summer work and were vamping potato bugs in a nearby field, our "tin Lizzie" became uncontrollable and we were obliged to race by leaving them gazing at us with an unprofessional stare. Our position was indeed tragic until John Whalen, traveling toward Saranac where he said he was to spend his vacation, "Pit" (ed) his "anchor" and by means of his great "drag" brought us to safety.

The most exciting thing that happened on our journey from Cadyville to Saranac was to pass by Olive Lundy and Adah Brown sitting by the roadside satisfying themselves with a quiet little chat, which they thought was permissible as school days were over.

As we came to the outskirts of Saranac Lake, no wonder we had to Stop! Look! Listen! when we heard an Angel(ic)a voice call out, "You tell 'em cabbage, you've got the head." Sure enough there was Angela who was starting a summer session at Saranac. We talked with her for a while and incidentally

inquired about her pals Mary and Koerb. She told us they were to remain in Plattsburgh during the summer that they might still "Put" it down "Pat."

This news was not surprising, however, so we started out in quest of something more elevating. As we went up the hill we met the "economically speaking" Sheehan girls who inquired from us if we had seen (B)any of the faculty.

What a treat we had at a wayside inn to have music while we ate. We were highly amused and surprised to learn from the proprietor that the great Sylvia, Nannie and Hazel Ayers were to display their talent there during the summer. It was more than we expected to hear, however, that Sadie Kauffman "Wood" dance there, especially with Prof. Davis as her dancing partner.

Leaving Saranac Lake we caught a glimpse of "Josey" Stewart painting in attractive letters on a billboard: "Special, Tonight Only, 'Friday's Ghost' featuring Jane W. Prime." This likewise surprised us for we didn't expect that these enterprising Seniors would find a position so soon after school was out.

Along toward dusk as we were nearing Ausable Forks we were hailed by Anne Rowles accompanied by Ruth Scribner who were looking for more jokes for a postscript to the Cardinal. Our answer was drowned by a terrific BANG!!!! and to our dismay our front rubber tube had gone back on us. Our problem of reaching home was soon solved for along came "Pell Mell" Gilliland in her dollar-down Packard bringing Stella Hildreth, Hazel Parmeter, Gertrude Benedict, Mildred Nutter, Katherine Navin, who were to take part in the "Follies of 1920" shown at the Clinton Theatre. This was to be their last great escapade before entering their professional career. We were about to get into the car when up popped little "Weiry" Weir with, "Me, what is the \$1,600 Kid and has to take you in."

At last we were within the city limits! As we rode up Bridge Street we could not help but watch out for Katherine Coffey's "Smiling policemen" to greet us at the head of Margaret Street whom we discovered was no less than Gertie Powers. She too had found a job for the summer.

To wind up our thrilling day and because we saw great crowds going to the movies we decided to follow. It was a special picture—Bertha Phoebe charged us fifty cents each for our tickets. It was worth while, however, because we saw Jack "Josie" Whalen starring in "A Modern Ghost" adapted from the story "Ma Turner's Sheet." (Was he fulfilling his \$2,000 contract?).

Try as we might we couldn't get out without having thrust into our hands numerous pamphlets on "The Modern Girl." How well we remembered Elizabeth O'Connell's views on that subject.

Tired and weary but nevertheless satisfied with our day's journey we started homeward but once more we had to Stop! Look! Listen! for along came "Parksie Kid" in her taxi and said she would take us "Down"(s) home.

Again Stop! Look! Listen!

FLORENCE M. LEFAIVRE,
RUTH M. ABRAHAMSON,
ETHEL M. MERRIHEW.





Jokes



If you're hit by our jokes, hide your grief,
And don't get grouchy, and "beef";
If you had just one hint
Of the things we don't print
But could, you'd faint with relief!

Junior—"Have you heard that Commercial teachers are short this year?"

Senior—"No. Why?"

Junior—"Just look at Weir(y) and Sadie!"

Our charming Hester is quite wild,
For Leonard D. so grave and mild,
Where he is found
She flutters 'round,
As happy as a little child.

Dr. Henshaw—"Is Miss Kauffman here?"

Lou Bell—(Looking under the seats) "She doesn't seem to be."

If by mischievous plans you are led
To break all the rules and raise Ned,
You had better beware,
For Tommy is there,
With eyes in the back of his head.

Mr. Whalen—"Mr. McQuillan has just told me that the Juniors will give their class gift alone."

Mr. Crowley—"Mr. President what else might we expect from that class? Here I would like to make a statement which I think will be of interest to most members of the class, especially those who are going to teach Geography. We have all learned that there were five races of men, the white, black, red, yellow and brown. Now, however, we have another class, THE JUNIORS or class of 1921, which makes the GREEN class."

FACULTY MEETING

Oh! it's every Wednesday afternoon
That they do congregate,
And there they hiss and gnash their teeth,
And talk about our fate.

The "clever brilliants" who stand high
Above the "common rest,"
Are praised for all their greatness,
Though they cannot flunk a test.

But those who grope in darkness,
Because they have no brains,
Get mighty little credit
For their efforts and their pains.

When finally court is over,
And "Babe" has served the tea,
They all depart their several ways,
As hateful as can be.

THE DAY AFTER THE SLEIGH RIDE

Kate Koerber went on with her essay and informed the school that children needed plenty of rest. How many hours of sleep did you have Kate?

John Whalen failed to answer in shorthand for several minutes and nearly received a zero.

Poor Lou was nearly asleep and when Mr. Todd saw that she couldn't find the place at that instant he gave her a zero. Nevertheless Lou's persuasive powers were such that she prevailed on Todd to erase that zero. It would have been such a shame for it to stay in the book.

John Crowley actually slept in Law and had to be awakened by Miss Cuddeback with the gentle stick of a pin. He came too.



To Lou

Here's to you, Lucille, you merry maker,—
You've laughed many a man to the undertaker.

If we ever get despondent or blue,
We'll think of the sleighride—
Crowley and you.

FAVORITE SONGS

"Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still"	Dot. Tjeerdsma
"Jimmy's on the Stormy Sea"	Julia Hurley
"K-K-K-Katy"	Frank Tabor
"Douglas, Douglas Tender and True"	Hester Coleman
"How Can I Bear to Leave Thee?"	Angela Dempsey
"Mary"	Pat McQuillan
"Jazz Baby"	Artie Lyons
"Blowing Bubbles"	Ruth Abrahamson
"Forgotten"	Dorothy Maynard
"I'll Be Happy When the Preacher Makes You Mine"	Catherine Thompson
"You'd Be Surprised"	John Crowley
"They All Love Jack"	John Whalen
"Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in The Morning"	Florence Fielding
"Tell Me"	Gladys McCarthy
"If You Go I'll Die"	Leonard Douglas
"I Am Sorry I Made You Cry"	Mildred Foley
"By the Campfire"	Up the River
"A Little More Cider"	Jimmy O'Connell
"The Vamp"	Hester Coleman
"A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody"	Hazel Caplan
"Our Yesterdays"	Catherine Navin
"I'm Crazy About Myself, For Nobody Else Is"	Edwin Robart, Jr.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

Why John Whalen, in law class, always says breach of promise instead of breach of contract.

Why Daisy Cisco likes to get home for an early dinner. (We might suggest that she would Seymour of the dinner.)

Why Horton Henshaw had a lame wrist the morning after Jan. 18, 1920. (Kate Weir, do relieve our anxiety).

Why certain Normalities ride in the Pullman on the D. & H.

How Grace Cuddeback has bluffed the faculty so long.

When Margaret Merritt ever gets her studying done.
How Mary T. expects the beans to bake when the oven door is left open.
Why John C. can't tell the difference between Julia and Mildred.
Why it takes Kate K. and Mildred F. so long to fall for a joke.
What Nannie Howard threw over the piano when John appeared in the "gym."
What Kathleen Hanley and Genevieve Carey find attractive at the post office.
Why the Junior boys let the girls protect the Senior banner.
Why Betty Stuart persists in writing back-hand.
Why "Tabe" is called "PUT."
How Elizabeth O'Connell can sleep two hours running.
Why Elsa plagues her little cousin.
Why Ruth Abrahamson forgot the night she went to Benny's for supper.
WHO told Dr. Hawkins about that sleighride.
WHY Dr. Henshaw gave Lou Bell 95% in History of Education. (Lou are you an Episcopalian?).
Who sent Mr. Correll's telegram. (For information see the Misses Kaufmann, Coffey or Vaughn).
Why Angela Dempsey and John Whalen weren't on the Honor Roll.
How Sam Todd pronounces modern.
What Sylvia Bourassa got in that Economics test. (That's not saying that we all don't know).
Why Kate Baxter wears her cat's picture in her locket. (Kate, what is under that picture?).
Where the last page of Julia Hurley's essay went to.
Why Mr. Correll doesn't play as he used to. (See the piano for information on the above.)
Why Kate Korb always "Gets Mixed Up" in Shorthand.
Why Edwin C. Robart *Junior*, always wears his good clothes? "If I knew the fellows in Plattsburgh wore their old clothes I would have brought up some of mine."
Why Albert DesJardins always brings a town girl to the Normal dances.
What the attraction was between Whitehall and Port Kent that caused Hester to change her place from one side of the car to the other. There must have been a reason.
Mary! Beware.

JOHN CROWLEY IN ASSEMBLY

"About two weeks ago there was a meeting in assembly to decide whether this school was to have an Athletic Association or not. Only about one eighth of the school remained seated. Not half of the girls have paid their dues. Over two weeks and you have not paid your forty cents and you are prospective teach-

ers. Stay away from the movies once or twice a week. The seats will not fly away if you are not there to hold them down. I believe the tickets are seventeen cents although I have not purchased any this year. The only reason I can see for your not paying me is that I am too odious to approach. If so kindly hand your forty cents to Mr. Taber, the Secretary.

Ann Dempsey ordering ice cream at Dunton's:

Ann—"Do you go out after dark?"

Clerk—"Where shall I meet you?"

Mr. Todd—"Miss Baker you may read from your notes. Marion reads two pages of shorthand notes.

AFTER WAKING UP, Mr. Todd says: "Miss Baker, you may read now."

Mr. Shallies (over the telephone)—"Have you your work ready for the Cardinal?"

Bob LeFaire—"Now, OLD TOP, you can't fool me. (Which member of the Junior class did you think you were speaking with?).

MARY'S LAMB

Who succeeded Henry VIII?

Edward VII

Who came after Edward?

Queen Mary

Who followed Mary?

The little lamb—named Pat.

Dr. Henshaw: (Looking at his watch)—"As we have only a few minutes left I am perfectly willing to answer any question anyone may desire to ask."

Brilliant Junior :—"What time is it, please?"

Elsa :—"If it takes those High School pupils as long to do Arithmetic as it did me the period will be more-n-full (mournful)."

"KATE"

Is that ring on her finger a token

Some kid has really spoken?

Or, instead of a badge

It it pure camouflage,

And the wearer just merely jokin'?

Dr. Kitchell—"Did you go home for vacation, Eunice?"

"Yes."

"Have a good time?"

"Yes."

"Come back in a car?"

"Yes."

"Pretty cold, wasn't it?"

"Not very."

"Not very!!! Once I took a girl for a sleigh ride and she frooze the ear next to me and I wasn't to blame."

Mr. Todd—"Your hug is in the wrong position, Mr. Douglass."

Mr. Douglass (intensely interested)—"Huh?"

Angela—"Are you in Cahoots with me, Jack?"

Miss Duby (accompanying Miss Navin singing, "Pretty Little Rainbow")

—"You let go that bow (beau) too soon."

Kate—"Which one, Veleda?"

Miss Casey—"Dr. Henshaw, I didn't hear the question."

Dr. H.—"Well, Miss Casey, if you would lift up those ear lappers you might be able to."

Dr. Kitchell—"Miss Ayers, say something I dare not ask the question."

Miss A—"Silent.

Dr. K.—"Silence gives consent."

Ethel Merrihew (in the kitchen after Clio party)—"Oh, don't bother to wash my tin; another cake will be baked in it in the morning."

Mr. Correll (in penmanship)—"Mr. Whalen and Mr. Crowley may take the class next Friday."

Mr. Whalen—"Oh Lord!"

Mr. Correll—"No, not oh Lord, but John Whalen."

Weary—"Variety is the spice of life."

Julia—"Well I am not very well seasoned then."

Mr. Thompson (accounting class)—“Give some licenses that the law requires.”

Pupil—“Milk license and taxi license.”

Mr. T.—“Give some new ones.”

Lou—“Marriage license.”

Mr. T.—“Oh, no, Miss Gilliland that is not new, still I suppose that the marriage license may be considered a license for a monopoly since it re-establishes the right of search.”

DEFINITION OF VOLCANO

R. Abrahamson—“How would you illustrate cognitive imagination?”

M. Foley—“Imagine a mountain with soot coming out of it.”

Ruth Clarke—“No, not with soot but with *saliva* coming out of it.”

HEARD IN PITMAN CLASS

J. Whalen—“Your explosion is out of place Mr. Douglass.”

Miss Garrity—“Now Miss Powers, you may sing that song.”

Miss Powers—“I don’t believe I can Miss Garrity, because I have a perfectly flat voice.”

Miss Finnessy (looking suspiciously at her soup plate)—“Where is my soup going?”

Cross-eyed friend—“I beg your pardon, I must have been eating out of your plate instead of mine.”

Pupil teacher—“Martin what are some of the uses of the camel?”

Martin—“For tobacco.”

Teacher—“Why, what do you mean?”

Martin—“Well, don’t men smoke the Camel cigarettes?”

NEW WAY TO CARRY PILLOWS

Dr. Kitchell—“Katherine your hair doesn’t look half as nice with those pillows in each side as when you wore it down your back.”

Katherine—“Why Dr. Kitchell I haven’t anything in my head.”

Dr. Kitchell—“I know it.”

Mr. Correll—“Miss Merrihew what are assets?”

Ethel—“Something you can lay your hands on.”

Mr. Correll—“It wouldn’t be safe to have much cash lying around me then.”

Women's faults are many,
Men have only two.
Everything they say,
Everything they do.

Kindergarten Child—"Teacher how do you spell 'Miss'."

Teacher—"M-i-double-s."

Child—"Well, how do you make the i double?"

SUSPICIOUS

First Student—"What makes that red spot on your nose?"

Second Student—"Glasses."

First Student—"Glasses of what?"

Lou Bell—"Say Kate, is Mr. Correll an elk or a moose?"

Kate—"He's a deer" (dear).

Kate Weir (after a joke box with lock and key had been suggested)—"If the box is locked how can one put the jokes in?" (It's not slow that you are Kate.)

(By the way we would like to know just where that Joke Box did go to. That is not saying we don't know where it is.)

IMAGINE!!!!

IF

Correll taught "School Economy" ("Teachers must bear in mind that the only way to be a 'good sport' is to go to everything going on—and bring a pupil along with you. Enjoy life while you can—it is short enough.")

Todd taught English ("How many is going to give me the rule for 'are'").

Kitchell taught Domestic Science ("Don't leave any garbage around—eat it").

Sinclair taught penmanship ("In the main your circles should be economical").

Miss Garrity taught physical culture ("Very good pose, now HOLD IT.")

Olive—"How do you like this ring?"

Margaret Healey—"I don't like it."

Gladys B.—"John W. does."

Margaret—"Hath'nt he any thense of bea-u-ty?"

V. Duby—"Charlie, would you like to go to church with me?"

Charles—"Let's announce it first."

Senior—"March is coming in like a lion and going out like a mouse."
Weiry—"I don't want to be here then."

How about it Ruth A.?

"It is easy enough to look pleasant
When the Spring comes along with a rush
But the girlie worth while, is the one who can smile
When she slips and goes down in the slush."

Professor—"I bet that I have done something you haven't."

Smallest Red Headed Senior—"What is it?"

Professor—"Grown up."

Mr. Taylor—"What is the proof that there is much learning in the Normal?"

Mr. Shallies—"I never saw any."

Mr. Taylor—"The Juniors bring in so much and the Seniors take away so little."

Miss O'Brien—"Miss Howard, don't you ever smile?"

Nannie—"I used to before I came to the Normal."

Mr. Todd—"Miss Stafford, your mouth is out of position."

HOW TO OBTAIN A COMPLIMENT FROM DR. HAWKINS

Forget the last page in your essay. How about it Miss Hurley?

Senior—"When I graduate I'll step into a position at \$2,000 per."

Junior—"Per what?"

Another Junior—"Perhaps."

On Friday 'tis time to rejoice
When we listen to "Scotties" sweet voice.
Tho' to sing makes her glad,
It is not her fad
For to play basketball is her choice.

Miss Garrity—"Miss Howard, have you anyone in mind?"

Nannie—"Yes, I have a man in mind."

Our honored Professor of Ed.
Once turned a big chair on its head,
Our surprise was immense,
To relieve our suspense,
"Tis to make me remember," he said.

"Pat"—"What did I get on that Commercial Geog. test?"

Dr. Kitchell—"50%."

"Pat"—"Why I should have got more than that, I put down everything I knew."

Lucile takes an ardent delight,
With Professor Sinclair to kick up a fight,
She boldly declares
And emphatically swears
That her answers are plain black and white.

THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN

Bob LeFaivre out of humor.

Raly Grossman in a hurry.

Mary Thompson without a date.

Artie Lyons out of bed, 7:30 a. m.

Anne Rowles satisfied.

A commercialite with any ambition.

Jane Collins unable to dance.

Albert DesJardins without something to say.

(After Miss Stafford's return from her vacation).

Pupil—"I remember you."

Miss Stafford—"You do? Why?"

Pupil—"By your long nose."

Miss Garrity is sensitive to noise,
In fact it quite upsets her poise.
Upon the girls
Her wrath she hurls.
But, she's lovely to the boys.

Lou—"Say Hester, what is Douglas going to buy with the \$150 he won for writing an ad?"

Hester—"Why, he's going to buy ME."

Lou—"What a lot he will have left over."

Mr. Todd (criticising the work on the board calls attention to the "ses" circle in the word kisses) "Can anyone tell me what is the matter with Miss McCoy's kisses."

Robart—"They're not large enough."

Mr. Correll (treating Miss Baxter at Candyland)—“What will you have Miss Baxter?”

Miss Baxter—“A Soul Kiss, please Mr. Correll.”

Florence Fielding was wont to assert,
That no youth her proud heart could hurt,
But since she saw red
On a bookseller’s head,
She wants to do nothing but flirt.

Stratton—“Well you ain’t got anything on me. I can go with any girl I please.”

Crowley—“That’s all right, Ed. the trouble is you don’t please many.”

“Ifs”

If Mary Boly(an) could we Stew(ard) Josephine?
If Marion could Bake(r) Rowles could Katherine make Coffey?
If Eunice became noisy could Kate Koerber (curb her).
If John Crowley’s hair became mussed could Katherine San(comb) it?
If birds began to fly, would Mary Parotte?
If hot (Ayre)s is not steam, could we resort to Gertrude for Power?
If Mary Thompson is up as much as Downs.
If Elsa were Park(ed) could Kate back(s)her (Baxter)?
If Mr. Shallies got in Dutch would Dr. (Kitc)hell?
If Mae were neither angry Nor-cross, would Kate be Weir(y)?

D. Lewis—“What is penmanship credit based on, formation of letters or push and pull?”

G. Benedict—“Push and pull, mostly PULL.”

WANT ADS

Wanted—Old rubbers; Elsa Parks.

Wanted—A few more inches; Kate Weir.

Wanted—A whisperless study hall; Dr. Henshaw.

Wanted—A few intelligent people for my logic class; Dr. Kitchell.

OUCH

Hazel Caplan to Albert DesJardins—“Oh Albert, do keep still a minute!”

Albert—“I wasn’t saying anything.”

Hazel—“I know that, but you were talking weren’t you?

“RULES OF THE NORMAL”

PLEASE MEMORIZE

Throw rubbish on all floors including Dr. Kitchell's, Baskets are for ornamental purposes.

Talk during assembly and be sure to forget to applaud after the essay.

Never sing, for some one might hear you.

Never study—bluff gets you further.

Always use assembly period for study period. Miss Garrity wants you to.

Never walk home with the faculty, they'll think you like them.

Prepare to sleep in Mr. Correll's class—He will never bother you.

Don't talk to the teachers before or after class, or you will get in soft.

It's better to come to classes late, you won't hear so much.

Go out every night.

Attend Leonard's and go to the Soldiers' Club and the Post.

Laugh at Dr. Henshaw's jokes or you will flunk Psychology.

In Dr. Kitchell's class use slang, powder and paint also ear lappers. He encourages it.

Keep all your books, the State wants you to have them and then Miss O'Brien doesn't care.

How WE STUDY HISTORY OF ED.

Adah—"All ready girls here I come to study History of Ed."

Daisy—"All right, we're ready." (Adah enters and takes seat on trunk near dresser; finds Daisy with crocheting, and Elizabeth reclining on bed.)

Adah—"Now if you're going to study put up that crocheting, sit up, get your books and look intelligent."

Eliz.—"Oh dear, I'm so tired."

Adah (picking up powder puff and proceeds to powder her nose.)—"Well, if you want to get another zero tomorrow go on to bed."

Daisy—"Now, you start in to ask questions and we'll kinda listen."

Adah—"Tell me all you know from the 5th century B. C. to the present time."

Eliz.—"Huh, that won't take me long! Let me see—the 5th century. Was anybody born then?"

Daisy—"Dear me, your hair looks good to-night. It never gets a bit mussed. How do you keep it so?"

Eliz.—"Say would you mind keeping still a minute, we want to study History of Ed.?"

Daisy—"Well if you think your so studious, why don't you get a ten for a change instead of an X, my average is over 90."

Adah—"Girls do be quiet, I came in here to study, not to quarrel."

Daisy—"Well, if you would ask questions instead of wearing out my mirror we would answer them. Now we'll all start in and study."

Adah—"Who was Comenius? Tell me all about him."

Daisy—"Oh, I know he was the man who says the 4th course in study in a man's life should be the study of the girl he is to marry."

(From another room)—"Will you girls keep quite in there? I want to work Arithmetic, Dr. Kitchell gave us 99 problems for tomorrow."

Eliz.—"No, that isn't Comenius, he was a school teacher, he didn't think of marriage. He was the educator that advocated washing your feet in cold water to make them grow."

Adah—"No, I knew neither one of you girls knew a thing about this, you don't read intelligently. In the main, you can't pick out the important facts, logically speaking you don't know what you are talking about anyway."

(From down stairs comes the sound of drumming on a piano.)

Eliz.—"Oh, dear me, I can't concentrate with such noise. What did you say happened in the 12th century?"

Daisy—"12th century!! Say, that seems to be the only date you know; were you born that year or was that the Fall of Rome? My, but that was a good looking suit we saw today. What kind of hat are you going to get?"

(Will you shut your door in there so I can read my shorthand?)

Adah—"Now I'll tell you something about Comenius. (Reading from book) "Comenius was the man who wrote etc.,—"

Daisy—"Well, you ought to be able to read from the book correctly at least."

Eliz.—"Hand me my book so I can answer some questions."

Daisy—"Probably Daddy will explain this lesson tomorrow. I don't get much out of it. Do you?"

Adah—(With a yawn picking up her book, papers, and pencil)—"Well, I must study History of Commerce. I don't believe we will have a test in this tomorrow anyway."

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Edward Stratton flunking?

Albert Des Jardins without a grin.

Hazel Caplan bashful?

Grace Cuddleback not arguing?

Genevieve Carey asking a question?

Dorothy Stafford with a bright idea?

Adelaide Conkel a blonde?

"Korb" and "Tabe" on the outs?

Katherine Baxter ahead of time?

Lee F with Kate Weir's height or vice versa?

Mildred Foley not mistaken for Julia Hurley.

Josephine—"Oh, Norton, don't you think this floor lovely?"

Norton—"Yes, indeed, it is."

Josephine—"Then, why don't you stay on it?"

Mr. Thompson (in commercial law)—"Mr. Crowley, what is fraud?"

Crowley—"Fraud is taking willful advantage of a person's ignorance."

Mr. Thompson—"Right, give an example."

Jack—"Why, —er—one of your tests."

The text books attempt to make show,
That mortality among teachers is low,
 But Miss Coffey translated,
 And boldly she stated,
"The morality of teachers is low."

Mr. Todd—"Shorthand is the easiest subject in the course. You don't have to do any hard thinking."

Junior (in under-tone)—"That's why Mr. Todd teaches it."

First day of term. (Crowd of fifty or more students around the door of text-book room waiting for their books.)

Gertrude Powers received her's and wishing the others to make room for her to pass, ejaculated, "Everybody move."

Lyons—"Who's the 'drawer' Meed?"

L. F. C.—"Who?" "You?"

Lyons—"No, Meed."

L. F. C.—"Oh Mead, Heed Head or whatever you want to call him so long as it isn't you."

DONT'S FOR THE JUNIORS TO FOLLOW

Don't subscribe for a Cardinal—Read someone else's.

Don't pay your dues—Be continually dunned for them. Make your treasurer work for the honor of his office.

Don't attend class meetings. It is exceedingly poor taste and gives the impression you possess class spirit.

Don't listen to rostrum essays. They are only meant for educated people.

Don't speak to Dr. Kitchell in the hall, he will never listen to you anyway.

Don't whisper in the library, talk out loud. Miss O'Brien loves to hear the conversation and so do the Seniors.

Don't fall in love with your Bookkeeping Professor—leave that to the Senior.

Mr. Whalen (teaching penmanship)—“All right, ready for Drill K. The first word will be kill, and the rest of the line will be killing.”

Mr. Todd (after the janitor had fixed the clock in shorthand room)—“Why don’t you put it an hour ahead?”

Janitor—“Don’t you want to earn your money?”

Julia Hurley—I always swallow my gum.”

Elsa—“That must be why you are so stuck up.”

Shortly after Mid-years:

Mr. Todd—“Excuse me, class, for being late but I’ve been talking about some of you for positions.”

Josephine—I knew my ears burned.” (It’s not conceited you are.)

Sing a song of six bucks,
Posted down as nine;
When the books don’t balance,
We all work over-time.

WHAT DID SHE MEAN?

Mr. Sinclair (after assigning a biography of famous men to each pupil in class)—“Have I missed anyone now?”

G. Powers—“Yes, Mr. Sinclair, you haven’t given me any ‘life’ yet.”

LOST—A pair of legs in Manual Training room. Finder please return to Emma Vaughn—She is still waiting for them to finish her stool.

Kate Weir—I wonder what the ‘F’ means opposite certain names in Mr. Correll’s class-book for penmanship.”

Lou—“It probably means ‘Fool.’ ”

Mr. Todd—“It’s so sunny here, Miss Hanley, please run up the shade.”

Mr. Thompson (in law)—“Tomorrow we will begin on ‘Insanity’ at Miss Baxter.”

Dr. Henshaw (in History of Education)—“Rousseau’s wife had very little education, but she was an accomplished cook.”

J. Crowley—“Why, then she must have won him through his stomach rather than heart.”

Dr. Henshaw—“Be careful, John, you might be affected that way some day.”

J. Crowley—“I don’t need to be.”

Dr. Henshaw—“Why ???”

HEARD IN THE CORRIDOR

Senior—"I'm going up to speak to Mr. Thompson a minute—I'll be through in half an hour."

MARCH 17

"Pat" entered the Study Hall wearing a bright green necktie.

Mr. Sinclair (to a member of the faculty)—"I see Mr. McQuillan is wearing his class colors."

Senior—"John Whalen is sort of small."

Angela—"Good things come in small packages."

Julia—"So does poison."

Found—A penmanship lesson by a girl half completed.

Dr. Kitchell—"Miss Smith, why are you late?"

"Smithy"—"Gee, the class must have started before I got here."

AT THE FACULTY MUGGING

She hissed, "You old Woman-hater"

And prodded him in the Equator,

Madame Powell's sharp eyes

Just about got your size!

"Can" that scowl, and hold yourself straighter.

Glad. McCarthy though appearing quite meek,

To the library goes thrice a week:

She pretends to seek learning,

But we know her heart's yearning,

And hoping with boys there to speak.

Norton to Artie—"Well, I bought some new evening clothes yesterday."

Artie—"Did you? Guess somebody's going to mid-year then."

Norton—"Oh no—I don't think so."

Artie—"Well aren't evening clothes quite expensive this year?"

Norton—"No mine were only \$3.50."

Artie—"Well what were they any way?"

Norton—"PAJAMAS."

(Miss Weir teaching bookkeeping):

Pat—"Why is this Notes Payable."

"Why, Mr. McQuillan, once a notes payable, always a notes payable first, last and always." (Weiry you are an apt pupil of L. F. C.)

(In music room at Poland's after Angela has caused a great deal of disturbance.) :

Julia—"Angela DO GO HOME." (Miss Hurley you are frank, to say the least).

Edwin Robart's behavoir's appalling,
He thinks for him girls are falling,
 He picks out a girl
 All in a whirl,
But the fact he can't keep one is galling.



Dr. Henshaw (conversing with Dr. Kitchell in the hall)—"Is the shimmy a pose or a dance?"

Dr. Kitchell—"Years ago it was a garment."

Jack Whalen—"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, for lack of kisses my lips are all rust."

Kate B—"Come down some night Jack and we'll polish up."

Mr. Todd to Senior—"How are the Juniors' typewriting papers?"

Senior—"Not as good as usual."

Mr. Todd—"There is too much of this Clio and Argo stuff going on."

(At the dinner table after the first Junior meeting) :

Senior—"Well, Artie, what office do you hold?"

Artie—"Star Boarder at present."

Mr. Shallies and his wife so neat,

To a concert went for a little treat.

At the singer's advance

He fell in a trance,

And murmured low, "Isn't she sweet?"

Margaret Healy (in the midst of the algebra class)—"If a woman's husband is dead is she a widow or a single woman?"

Dr. Kitchell—"I should say she is a has-been."

Seen in a Store Window—"Kids cleaned for 10c."

In a tailor shop—"Come in and have fits."

Boys are like melons, shall I tell you why?

To find a good one, you must a hundred try.

There are exceptions to exceptions to every rule.

Boys here at Normal are exceptions to that rule.

Dot Maynard—"Is the 'Cardinal' going to be RED this year?"

Senior—"Not before anyone sees it."

John Crowley—"Are knobs getting cheaper."

Mr. Thompson—"No but knocks are."

Jack Whalen (History of Commerce)—"Dear, I don't know where to study."

Mr. Sinclair—"Whom are you addressing?"

J. Crowley (from back of the room)—"Some one who is not here."

Mr. Sinclair—"My dear! you must study the chapter I assign and I will ask questions from anywhere in the book."

CROWLEY ARRIVES AT THE PEARLY GATES

St. Peter—"Here is your harp."

Shade of Crowley—"I don't want that; give me a cornet!"

St. Peter—"Then get to——out of here."

Daddy—"When was Caesar born?"

Kate K.—"I don't know."

Daddy—"Didn't you see the 98 B. C. at bottom of the page?"

Kate—"I thought that was his telephone number."

IN MEMORIAM

With fond memories of that great day December 18, 1919:

"Little grains of powder
Little drops of paint
Make up little Edwin
What he really ain't."

J. Crowley—"J. Whalen has all the hearts in the Normal except mine."
K. Weir (speaking up)—"You've got mine, John."

Dot Lewis—"Don't you think I am a little pale (pail)."
Seniors—"Gosh, No, I think you are a little tub."

HOW COULD HE GUESS IT?

Scribe—"Dr. Kitchell, can you tell me why a school room is like a Ford car?"
Dr. Kitchell—"Sure, because there is a crank in front and lot of nuts behind.

Jane Collins, when chased by a Lyon
In wildest distress was a flyin'
Till she found one who'd take her
And make her a Baker,
And that put an end to her cryin'.

Mr. Correll—"Miss Merritt, to whose account did you charge clothing?"
Margaret—"To Dad's account, of course.

For Veleda Duby 'tis bliss without end
To be claimed by Miss Navin as friend.
She'd slave to a blister
To become her sister
And near her, her whole life to spend.

Miss Andrews (giving out animal shapes to be traced for drawing)—"Miss Vaughn have you an animal shape?"

Sing a song of history,
Ed. and Commerce to.
Four and twenty zeros
Will never put us through.

Ancient Senior—"Do you think girls should propose?"
Fresh Junior—"I don't know. Have you tried everything else?"

If a word to the wise were sufficient
Some Juniors would need a whole dictionary.

Kate Koeber one night got a bid,
To go out with that young Tabor kid,
When it come to good-bye,
They were eager—yet shy,
So they put up an umbrella and—did.

THE BIGGEST JOKE—the Juniors.



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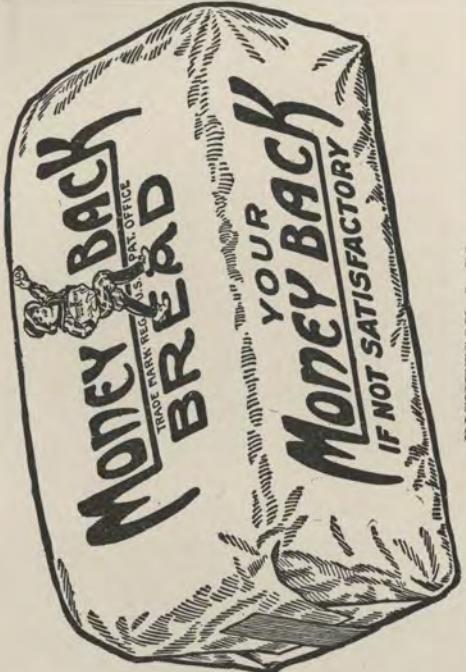
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1 1/4 cups water.
2 cups fine granulated sugar.
Few grains salt.
1 teaspoonful vanilla.

Soak gelatine in one-half the water five minutes. Put remaining water and sugar in saucepan, bring to the boiling point and let boil until syrup will spin a thread when dropped from tip of spoon. Add soaked gelatine and let stand until partially cooled; then add salt and flavoring. Beat until mixture becomes white and thick. Pour into granite pans, thickly dusted with powdered sugar, having mixture one inch in depth. Let stand in a cool place until thoroughly chilled. Turn on a board, cut in cubes and roll in powdered sugar. This recipe makes about one hundred marshmallows. Nuts, chocolate, fruit juices in place of part of the water, or candied fruits chopped may be added—or the plain ones rolled in grated cocoanut before being sugared. Dates stuffed with this confection are delicious.

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